

Art-Gate Association



**The Gateway
to**

Modern Arabic Poetry

Munir Mezyed

Abdul-Settar Abdul-Latif

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To

Modern Arabic Poetry

**Translated
By**

**Poet Munir Mezyed (Romania)
Prof. Abdul-settar Abdul-Latif Al-Assady (Iraq)**

Edited

By

Abdul-Settar Al-Assady

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The Editor



- Name: Prof. Abdul-Settar Abdul-Latif Al-Assady , M.A., Litt.
- Born in Basra at the south of Iraq in 1954.
- Married , having son (Mohamad) at the secondary stage and daughter (Nada) at the intermediate stage and (Wijdan), his wife (B.Sc in Maths & Computer Science)
- Took B.A. in English from the College of Arts/ University of Baghdad in 1977.
- Took Dip in German in 1977.
- Got M.A in English Literature from the College of Arts/ University of Baghdad on the thesis entitled *The Wasteland Theme in T.S.Eliots Major Dramatic Works* in 1984
- Joined teaching at the Central Institute for Training Teachers for Boys in Basrah in 1986
- Joined the Dept of English/ College of Education/ University of Basrah in 1992 to give lectures in all literary courses. He is still working there.
- Is the founder and Editor-in-chief of the monthly *The New Horizon*, a cultural magazine in English, the first of its kind in Basrah despite its limited circulation; it went into publication from 2004-2006 then stopped for financial matters.
- In 2006, he worked as the General Director of the Cultural Relations Dept at the Chancellery of the University for the period from 2005-2006. He quit this job after one year of hard work.
- Attempted his hand on writing literary criticism on different topics related both to Arabic and English literature. He is also interested in conducting studies on Comparative Literature.
- Had his articles published in Arabic magazines and newspapers.
- Attempted his hand on writing literary criticism on different topics related both to Arabic and English literature.
- Translated many works for a lot of American and English men of letters into Arabic.
- Had his articles published in Arabic magazines and newspapers.
- Had his articles published in *Basrah Researches*: the refereed and specialized journal of the University. Some of them are going to print. Some are waiting. Below are among the titles of his own works and articles:

1. The Use of Myth in Shelley's *Adonais*
2. The Thematic Conduciveness to the Invisible Vassalage in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*
3. Synge's *Rider's to the Sea*: A Study in Form
4. How to Read a Shakespearian Play?
5. Pound's Poetic Theory
6. The Invisible Perfidy in *Waiting for Godot*
7. The Matter of Arab in Chaucer's Complete Works
8. The Arabic Loans in Chaucer's Complete Works
9. T.S.Eliot's View to Tradition
10. Self-Identification as a Technique in W.S.Williams
11. Myth in Robert Graves's Poetry
12. Mythopoeia in Eliot's *The Waste Land*
13. The Theme of Evil in Shelley's Poetic Play: *The Cenci*
14. The Bestiary Despotism in Ted Hughes's *Hawk*
15. Dylan Thomas's *Don't Go Gentle into that Good Night*: A Critical Study
16. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and the Arabian Medieval Literature: A Comparative Study of *The Pardoner's Tale* and Al-Dimairy's Fable entitled *Christ and The Three Avaricious Guys*
17. In collaboration with Dr Graeme Davis (together with other Iraqi university professors), a book entitled *Basra University Studies in English* is supposed to published on August this year. My research entitled "The Invisible Perfidy in *Waiting for Godot*" is included.
18. **The Gateway to Modern Arabic Poetry** in collaboration with Munir Mezyed
19. The Image of Islam and Muslims in Medieval Writings with specific reference To Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale

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Important Note:

The Gateway to Modern Arabic Poetry is a trilingual anthology. Originally, it is set in Arabic, then translated into English and Romanian. So, if you have the English Version and want to download the other versions, please follow the following links:

The Arabic:

<http://www.savefile.com/files/1682889>

or

<http://ifile.it/iyfsun1>

The Romanian:

<http://ifile.it/u2qpv0o>

A Foreword

This book is an anthology of Arabic Free Verse incorporating new selections of Arab poets of different generations and experiences, environments and countries. The poets are more than 180 in number all in all, each with one poem with exception of one or two to make the number of the poem reach 180 only. Some of the poets of the Anthology are of a very high credit whose oeuvre have been in circulation in languages other than Arabic, the Original. Some other poets, whom the readers of the world at large have no access to , for no reason but that of the language barrier, are very well read, appreciated and taken by their homeland readers and audiences. They are represented here regardless to what -not differences and contradictions, irrelevances and inconsistencies among Arabs; such differences and contradictions do extend to nearly many aspects but, fortunately enough not to the significance or the role of poetry. This is because Arabs, all Arabs, while they don't agree on anything else, as they do agree on one fact: they read poetry, they listen to poetry and they love poetry. However, these disagreements have an unlimited number of poets' voices gagged, curbed and neglected for multifarious reasons above which is the 'level line' of free expression that fluctuates, never up , but always down, ebbing and only not to flow once more, here and there! In this Anthology, those unlimited have got a voice, one poem each.

The idea behind making out the whole Anthology as well as planning for the project and right away from its early stages to the collecting of the material in its source language and contacting Mr. Marius Chelaru , the Romanian Translator, and giving me the honor of participating in this honorable feat that serves to boost this dialogue among peoples despite their differences in languages, religions etc...are mainly the responsibility and contribution and initiative of the hard-working man and brilliant poet Mr. Munir Mezyed. However, it is left for the other English-Arabic translators mentioned below to choose the poems they like to have here included.

This Anthology does not follow a chronological way in classifying poets into generations, as it is patterned in almost all anthologies of poetry. Neither does it categorize the poets in any form nor are their poems arranged alphabetically or

thematically or even according to their related IDs (of countries) although we discussed this matter at the very beginning a lot. The poet Mr. Munir Mezyed attempts to keep the poems as they are in the same order he chooses. I felt that he may aim at tracing the way he feels first about them, at documenting and recording his feelings and choices the way he finds these voices, all voices with no exception expressing him via their own. The Anthology, then it seems, follows a psychic method, the psyche of a poet when he loves, when he yearns for his lost paradise, when he rebels and smashes all taboos, when he weeps, sings or when he is religious or irreligious, a man in want of a loving woman's lap, a woman wanting man to share the cup of ecstasy, when feels the world as a tree or a wave or dewdrop or a poem neighing like a horse or words flying like pigeons or flocks of sheep fleeing away once he utters them, when he starts with Iraq and ends in craving for Palestine. This is an orchestra mastered by a poet with a magic wand in his hand. He is the Yanni of the Modern Arab poetry. This is where this Anthology differs from other editions. It is the first of its kind!

This Anthology is issued in a trilingual edition – Arabic, Romanian and English set together under one cover. The Arabic text is, of course, the source language. The Romanian translations of the poems are done via English by the Romanian Poet, Critic and Translator Mr. Marius Chelaru, poem by poem, verse by verse, image by image. Here, in this step, in particular and in order to keep the sense and spirit of the poems translated indirectly to another language via not that of the source, Mr. Munir works, side by side, with Mr. Marius in the Romanian Version as he reads every poem Mr. Marius translates to make sure the Romanian version gets the exact meaning and keeps the artistic image and soul. The English has been the work, if none referred to otherwise, of the Arab Poet, Novelist, Researcher and Translator, Mr. Munir Mezyed. Moreover, there are other contributors as translators via the source language, Arabic into English. They are in an alphabetical order: Mrs. Betoul Ahmed, Eman Ahmed, Mr. Hassan Hegazi, Mr. Sami Khamu, Mrs. Khulud Al-Mutaliby, Mr. Samir Al-Shanawy in addition to the Editor, Prof. Al-Assady, who also shared in translating a number of poems.

Since the Anthology is trilingual, it is printed though under one cover but in three separate parts; each part for a language. Each part includes the same number of poems the other two parts carry. Poems in each are numbered. Each poem carries the same number in the three versions. The Idea behind that is to facilitate things to readers who want to check or follow or entertain themselves with poems of other versions; so instead of making them go to the index or the contents page to look for names or poems' titles, we may make things easy, i.e, just to look for numbers of the poems, not pages.

The Anthology offers this great number of Verse selections only as specimens of the Arab Free Verse Movement, the Movement which in 1947 radicalized the elements of the Arabic Qasida, smashed the rules of the Classical prosody that enchained poets more than one thousand years ago, and initiated a new track in Arab literature. Hence, it is quite proper to allude to the features of the Arab Ancient poetry, the significance of poetry in a Nomadic society and the status of the Ancient poet among his tribesmen as well as the etymology of the word 'Shi'ir' before we deal with the movement itself. And these items are the mainstreams of Introduction below.

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The Introduction

By

Prof. Abdul-Settar Al-Assady

1. Poetry: The Etym of the Word

In English as well as in some European languages, the word 'Poetry ' is taken from the Greek 'Poetica' which is derived from the verb 'poiein' that means 'to make'.

In Arabic, the word 'Shi'ir' means 'to feel' and 'to express feeling' .It dates back to 'Shiru', a word of Akkadian origin. The Akkadian is a very akin language, if not an ancestor, to Arabic in all language levels: syntax, morphology, phonology and semantics as a great number of archaeological researches showed. 'Shiru', as specialists of old languages of Mesopotamia said, has a double meaning. It stands for two verbs, the first is 'surakhu' (to mean 'weep'), and now in Arabic 'sarakha', i.e., cry and weep- it bears the same meaning though with a very slight variation in pronunciation. The second is 'zammuru' (to mean 'sing'), now in Arabic 'zammara', i.e, sing using flute.It bears nearly the same sense and a slight variation in pronunciation. Moreover, the Akkadian word 'Shiru' itself had come, with the same pronunciation bearing the sense of ' a song or a sad song', as a loan word into the Akkadian language from the Sumerians, the most ancient people of the world , and the early natives of Mesopotamia, now Iraq. Hence, the word 'Shiru' avails in almost all the languages termed as Semitic languages: Arabic, Hebrew, Aramaic and Phoenician. Now, in Hebrew for instance, 'Shir Hishreem' means the 'the song of songs'.

According to historical evidences based on excavated tablets taken from Ur site at the South of Iraq, it is known that the Sumerians used to sing their lyrics that expressed mirth, suffering or dejection, in all religious rituals (that of fertility and rebirth), coronation festivals and feasts of the sacred marriage about 3000 B.C.. Archaeologists in Mesopotamia could excavate ancient tablets written in the Cuneiform inscription, the most ancient language of the world, portraying the rituals of the sacred marriage as performed by Shu-Sin (3030-3038 B.C), the Fourth Ancient Sumerian King of the Third Dynasty of Ur as the god of fertility

together with a Sacred Temple Woman representing the goddess of fertility. At the Wedding Night, the Woman of the Temple cited and sang a happy 'shiru' as the rituals were in process. Below is one of the ritual poems ever reached us:

*Oh, Bridegroom. So dear to my heart
How exciting your making-love is.
Your charm has captured me! I only stand to tremble before you.
Oh bridegroom. I wish you take me to my Boudoir
Oh, Bridegroom. Let me kiss you.
My kiss is sweeter than honey!
In the Boudoir, full of honey
Let me enjoy your nice beauty!*

Hence, the word 'Shi'ir' as it is used in Arabic is rendered the most ancient word history of mankind ever recorded. It has kept its sense and form despite the progress mankind witnessed. It is even more ancient than the word 'poetica' which is related to 'making' while the Arabic word is related to 'feeling'. What a difference!

2. Characteristics of the Arab Columnar Poetry

The Classical Arab Poetry is dubbed with two different terms. Either it is called 'the Ancient Poetry'. This is because it dated back to a period of time as ancient as the Jahilayah Epoch, i.e., nearly 200 years before the birth of Proph et Mohammad (PUH) at 570 A.D. Or it may be called 'the Columnar Poetry' after the 16-metre form of prosody it follows in writing: this form Ancient Nomad Arabs who toured the saharas of Arabia carrying their tents, flocks of camels and woman and children, using a figurative language, was considered as the pillar or the column they employed or put into use when setting up the bases of their tents. They started with the Main pillar or Column; hence came the appellation or the title of Arab poetry as Columnar. The concept of the Column signifies the important role both poetry and its columnar form itself played in their desert habitat in Arabia. Sometimes, the columnar form is named 'Al-Khalili Column' after the name of Ahmed Ibn Al-Khalil Al-Farahidy, the first Arab grammarian, lexicographer and inventor of the Prosody Rules in the way they have been in use up to the initiation of the Free Verse Movement, the mainstream of this Anthology, in 1947.

Accordingly, each metre gets a number of feet the stem of which is based on two sounds – a sound with a diacritic and a sound without. The two would form a dual sound pattern that could be joined into different relations from two to six; each a new relation is considered a foot. The Arabic prosody has neither been

related to stressed syllables nor to unstressed ones as it is the case for instance in English prosody.

Among other features that complicated the matter a little bit for Arab poets is that a final sound should rhyme the whole poem regardless to how long it might be in terms of the number of its lines. This is called 'Rawy letter'. Moreover, an Arabic verse line contains two sub-lines that are separated by 'caesura', the first sub-line is 'Shatre'(i.e. division) and the second 'Ajiz' (i.e. Back). The two subs may or may not form one meaningful unit. The two could be totally independent; hence the impression it leaves that the Arabic Classical poetry is disconnected lacking unity ...etc. This is true to a great extent. This is why poets in the various epochs of the history of Arab literature exerted a lot to abide by these rather very strict rules. However, it takes time to jettison them away thanks to the Free Verse Movement in question.

3. The Status of the Poet among his Tribesmen

As Arabs were a nation in the becoming, the 'tribe' as an institution was still the nucleus around which Arabs' life and society pivoted. The tribal relations, norms and visions governed every aspect in Arabia. There were wars, conflicts and raids and forays here and there among all tribes. The reasons and excuses differ but the cruelty of nature and the scarcity of water and other requisites of life in such arid habitat like Arabia together with different tribal idiosyncrasies to control scant numbers of wells of water and main trade routs were among the causes of such belligerent nature of the Nomads. Tribes reared their male children on values of horsemanship and cruelty; revenge, self-pride connected to tribe-pride and honor; on principles of defending the oppressed tribesmen and refusing injustice or harm inflicting the tribe and taking part into the tribe's raids, wars and conquers in right and in wrong, though all the time in the wrong.

Poets were born amid these tribal values and impacts and visions. And their poems were the vehicles for Arabs to spread the tribal doctrines from one generation to another. Poets were considered as the defenders of the tribe at the time of war, preachers at time of peace, verse orators to instill the magic eloquence of their language into the younger breeds, chroniclers who recorded their history though orally and even the sacred temple men as ancient Arab Nomads believed that every poet got one genii or 'a Follower' coming daily to inspire him with verse, adage and wise sayings. Thus, poets were sought for, bestowed with all kinds of hospitality, generosity by their chiefs. They were the symbols of tribe-learning, and -dignity and history as well.

At certain times in Ancient Arabia, there were literary markets and poetry forums held so that poets of different tribes came to initiate flying. Also, there were big tents set up for big poets (as Al-Thibyanni) to put their poetry to his criticism. The best poems hence were celebrated and inscribed on posters and hung on the walls of the Ka'aba especially at the annual rendezvous of the Arabs. They called these poems 'Mu'allaqat' meaning 'hanging verses'. Such display on the walls of the Ka'aba was the reward for the poets.

When Islam was revealed, it respected poets on new bases – their abeyance of the Islamic doctrines of good faith, of call for virtue, love and peace, of defending woman's rights, of abandoning vendetta, profanity and vice. Prophet Mohammad considered poetry 'the wisdom by instinct...and Arabs can stop saying poetry only if camels stop craving', while 'A'isha, his younger spouse rendered poetry 'the water for children's arid souls'. Omar, the 2nd Caliphate enjoyed himself by reciting Al-Asha's long poems; Ibn Mas'od, the Prophet's Disciple, considered poetry as 'the discharge emitted for one wounded in chest!'. There are so many sayings and examples in this respect, all enhance the role of poetry in the life of Arabs. Poetry, when Arab civilization came to its ascendancy at Abbasid Caliphate, was used in jotting down Arab scientists' discoveries, inventions, theses and books. It is there in books of grammar, chemistry, philosophy, medicine, astronomy ...etc. Many verses are put into the warp and weft of the Arabian Nights, the Epistle of Love by Ibn Sinna (Avicenna), of Ibn Hazim's Ring of the Dove...etc. It is through such books that Arab classical poetry moved to Europe when great Arab masterpieces in different fields of learning were translated at medieval ages to Latin, Spanish, French ...etc. In addition, direct and indirect contact with Arabs in Al-Andalusia, Sicily, Malta, and Cyprus as there were centers of translation, played a great role in triggering new movements in medieval literature, in general and in poetry in particular. Troubadours for instance were influenced by Muwashahat and Ghazal. And Dante learnt to write his first sonnets via following the Ghazal examples. There are many other European poets who were affected by one way or another by the Arabic Classical poetry.

4. Arabic Free Verse

When the Arabic Free Verse began or who was the pioneering poet of the Free Verse Movement is still a disputable matter. Some said it was initiated by Nazik al-Mala'ika in 1947 when she wrote 'Cholera', as the first poem in free verse: the new way of writing poetry in Arabic literature that changed the course of modern Arabic poetry in years to come and radicalized all the ingredients of the Arabic poem. Some said it was Badr Shakir al-Sayyab when he published 'Was It Love?' the same year. In addition, there were poets who soon followed in track from all over the Arab countries, now considered as the first generation of the Free

Verse Poets: from Iraq (Al-Baiyaty, Al-Braikan, Buland Al-Haidery), from Egypt (Salah Abdul-Saboor, Ahmed Mu'ty Hijazi), from Lebanon (Khalil Haw y, Yosif Al-Khal), from Syria (Nazar Qabani, Adonees), from Palestine (Fadwa Toqan, Salma Al-Juwaisy) , from Sudan) Mohammad Al-Faitoory) and others. The Anthology has included some works of Al-Braikan and Qabani while it focuses on the generations that came later.

It has been taken for granted that the Free Verse Movement was triggered in this part of the world because of multifarious factors – internal and external. The internal ones are related not only to the intrinsic shackles the Columnar poetry impose on poets but also to some objective factors having a lot to do with the vehement upheavals overwhelming the political, social and cultural premises everywhere in the Arab Homeland at the forties of the 20th century. There was prevalent a sense of the necessity for change. Backwardness, illiteracy, poverty and ignorance were rife. Poets, the sensitive minds felt it was their tasks to ignite change in one domain that was rendered a taboo – the Columnar Poetry. The external factors included the contact, direct or indirect, with the poetic experiences in the civilized world. All the pioneering names of the Arab Free Verse Movement were in touch with or influenced by English, American and French poets, the Symbolists Baudelaire, Lafourge, Rimbaud, Valery, Mallarme, the Dadist Briton ...etc, the Modernists Eliot, Pound, Emy Lowell, W.C.Williams, Edith Sitwell, Ted Hughes...etc; the Confessionist Robert Lowell, Allen Ginsberg , and Walt Whitman and Emily Dickison... etc. The experiences of all these great poets were at hand to Arab Free Verse Poets who were either specialized in English or Arabic or they completed their degree studies in European universities.

The new movement smashed the Columnar Verse though not in all its features. Old prosody was no longer followed as a new one was initiated free from the shackles of the final rhyme sound, the number of feet in the verse line, the unified metre of the whole poem and the division of the lines – no caesura any more ; no longer the line is divided into two sub-lines. The new movement furnitures the Arab Modern poet with new tools to express himself, the tools may extend to incorporate all mankind's mind product within, from the use of myths to philosophy, from the east to the west. The Free Verse poet is free to employ what imagery, style, vocabulary, meter, foot, form, content, rhythm... etc he likes, prefers and goes congruous with the line of his thought, mood, background and mastery of the art itself as craft and devices. Moreover, the movement enables the poet for the first time to utilize what semiotic signs and topology could offer the poet with – silence enters as a device; blank space becomes meaningful; all irregularities, inconsistencies, irrelevances sound regular, consistent and relevant. The Free Verse movement works with a poet who is no longer obstructed to a constricted sense of the tribe, country, race, religion, society, mentality and prejudices the Classical poet was enchained with since the modern Arab poet

adopting this movement now comes to belong to a new world; he has become consciously or unconsciously a cosmopolitan citizen even before the advent of this debatable 'globalization'. However, the freedom he cherishes does not mean that he gives no heed to discontents, whatsoever, his kinsmen suffer nor he turns his face to their moments of relaxation. He, as compared to the Ancient Columnar poet, is more well-versed and involved in the matters of the world, the whole world if not the universe, whether at the moment or thousands years before! Still, there is a slight difference between the two, a gap that cannot be abridged, i.e., the Ancient Arab poet was celebrated and sought for whether by his tribesmen or by the chiefs of all Arab tribes in Arabia two thousands years. The contemporary poet suffers a lot. He suffers his loneliness and alienation. He is exiled reluctantly whether he chooses to live within the political borders or out. He is gagged if not silenced and traced though he cherishes absolute freedom in the domain of his rhymes but never outside!

In this Anthology, the themes dealt with are as multifarious as the poets' experiences, backgrounds or IDs are. One may move from chanting to one's Land (as in Maha Al-Khatib's Only to You) to expressing existential loss of man (as in Al-Braikan's the Manner of Sand); from a manifesto-like declaration of why a poet ever writes (as in Sulaf Abbas's I Write) to declaring death-in-life in a form of an elegy to Father (as in Fatima Al-Hamzawi's The Female{Infant}, Buried Alive); from the Gothic fears of Loneliness (as in Hassan Khashab's A Call for Return) to a metaphysical trepidation of the hurrying time (as in Mohammad Al -Laghafi's Not in Our Capability); from expressing mutiny against ideological Authorities (as in Mostafa Morad's Allah) to saying farewell to rocks (as Ziad Al -Saudi's All This and More); to craving for the King of Romance (as in Munir Mezyed's Abdel Halim Hafez); to 'Praying to the Sea' (by Hassan Assi El -Sheikh). However, a casual eye may trace common motifs recurrent in lines, images and stanzas, keeping popping up here and there as one goes on reading, though the manipulations or perspectives differ, of course, in their particularities, from one poet to another. And this is natural. Such motifs could be of Love, of Death, of being forlorn, of being fraught with certain unknown dismays. Yet, Love prevails: the love of man to woman, of woman to man, of man to mankind, of peace and of saying no to shredding more of blood, of saying no to absurdities of War:

*I will sort out my dreams
And my only shoe
Once besmirched with war-and -peace Chronicles
.....
As I possess nil from the war*

(From I'll Get my Bags Ready to Travel, Mohmood Sulaiman)

Accordingly imagery differs. The differences may reveal the Arab poets' Shamanism of their domains. The Arab Free Verse poets as represented here in this Anthology have shunned off all taboos in setting up undreamt-off relationships among vocabulary in Arabic, found similarities and even absurdities, within dissimilarities or impossible things, blended various vistas in moulding their images. Hence, there are medleys of all sorts of images: the Symbolist and Surrealist, the Gothic and Metaphysical and Realist.

Despite the high mastery of the translators having worked in this Anthology, the translation of the poems has been done not without difficulties. Some of them are related to the source language: in an attribution of, say, a singular 1st speaker pronoun to a vague antecedent; in the absence of diacritic of certain Arabic words that may be problematic and disputable and confusing without, that may have more than one meaning, all possible!; sometimes, the difficulties are in Arabic words that have no English equivalents – things related to cultural context and even if there such equivalents, they wouldn't have nor bear the same connotations in the target language, for instance words such as (المسكوف , ابونؤاس). Sometimes, the difficulties are met in words that convey condensed images – that should be de-condensed into their threads – thread by thread, while translating words such as (هودج , وردُ , وَرْدٌ , وَرْدٌ , أوردة). Sometimes, the difficulty is deliberately worked upon by the poets themselves as they avail of not only ambiguities of syntax that are easily offered in the source language but also of opacity or obscurity of ideas...Again and again, the structure of a poem in Arabic may dwell upon repetitions of some words that have the same spellings and stems and seemingly look the same ; yet they bear different meanings each time they occur, for instance (وَرْدٌ , وَرْدٌ , وَرْدٌ , وَرْدٌ , أوردة). By all means, all the translators have done all their utmost and passed what-not hurdles rather with remarkable success so that they convey a readable text in the target language.

Now to Poems!

The design of the Anthology is based on the following views I set and apply in complete cooperation, consult, support and encouragement by the leader of the whole project, Mr Munir Mezyed:

1.Numbering the Poems:

The book comes into three separate parts, each for a language – English, Arabic and Romanian. Poems in each part are numbered. Each poem carries the same number in the three versions. The Idea behind that is to facilitate the job to readers to check or follow or entertain themselves with other versions that go under one title but into another language; so in stead of referring to the 'Contents Page' to look for names or poem, they just search for the wanted number of the poem, not page .

2. Rosary as Model:

The design of the Anthology is modeled on the design of an Arab rosary or beads used by Muslim Arabs when praying. The one-hundred beads as a whole denote the one-hundred titles of the Creator. Also, as each 33rd bead in a rosary is considered as a separation or partition threaded in the rosary, it would remind an Arab Muslim in prayer's mode that only one part of one's duty to God has just finished. He must start new 33 series of religious pleas or duties or supplications or Quranic Verses till he finishes only to start again and again and reaches the Great Name of the Creator, No.100. As he completes the first 100 pleas ...etc, he may start new 100 times till he reaches the 200. And he may go in counting to 1000. This is done in Al-Qadre (Fate) Night. This is the philosophy behind the design I bear for the book. Hence, each poem referring to a certain poet would be only another form of the Absolute Voice and Name of Poetry.

3. The Significance of the Blue Font Colour:

Every 33rd poem is written by Mr Munir, the Voice of Absolute Poetry and the Incarnate Theory. It is colored in blue, the colour of Heaven whether in the book or in the Contents Page.

4. The Concept of the Ladder:

The reader of the Anthology will as if ascend step by step the ladder of Absolute Poetry, Munir's Theory (Poetry for Humanity). This is why the Anthology begins in one of Munir and ends in a number of his poems.The ladder means Mi'rage (the Ascension) as we say in Arabic. In this Anthology, the Poet, the Absolute Poet will ascend high to Heaven in trip reminiscent of Dante's journey but with a slight difference - the Modern Arab poet goes to Heaven carrying with him all the congregation of the colleague-poets.

5. The Sacredness of Number Seven:

I follow the concept of the sacred Number 7. Arabs as Muslims also look very highly of Number Seven. Hence, in this Anthology, every 7th poem would be dedicated to those poets who belong to "the first or old generation". This is applied

mainly in the first 100 poems at the beginning. Here we have sacred names of both poets and poetesses - they are the disciples of the Voice of the Absolute Poetry.

6. The Messages of Love:

The Anthology also includes short messages I asked Mr Munir to provide. They indicate his belief in love, peace and justice. They are "the Hymns", inserted in every 34th blank page. The page will not be numbered. They are eleven in number.

1.

O My Homeland

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

I saw in my dream
Golden bees
Coming out of the soul
Making white wax
And heavenly honey
From the bitterness of émigré
And I saw the sun
Glowing in the heart
And the Moon a woman
Shading under an olive tree
Suddenly
The wind blew
From a cracked chest
Behind the wall of memory
Thus autumn replaced dream
And dream fled again
Returning back to my homeland
I woke up asking:
“O My homeland,
Do you still have a place
For a dream...?”

2.

Only For You

By Maha el-Khatib (Iraq)

Only for you, words dance
And the Sun weaves from its threads
Exquisite images and paintings,
Draws the grin of a child,
And the whispering of the waves
Upon the shores of Tigris and the Euphrates....
Only for you,
My feelings harmonize
Like a fountain of love and admiration,
And with kisses, I cover your holy flesh,
And sip from your lips
The nectar of your flowers
And the fragrance of *Basrah* henna
The chrysanthemum odour on Shat-el-Arab,
On *Ashar* (river)
Only for you not for others,
My tresses smile,
And my locks chant,
Searching for the harbor of your arms,
And my fingers sail the seas of your palm .
As it is only for you,
I unbridle my poetry
Bridled in the depths.
As it is only for you,
I will overcome my fears, pain and loneliness,
And enjoy the ecstasy
Of reaching the Edge of the World,
And set free my insanity and leave my soul
A trust under the Minarets of *Kadhimia*
And Al -*Kilani* and *Abbas*.

The candles of my votive sailed alone the shores of *Hella*,
Breathing heavily after a memo of your intimacy....
Only for you
I will gather all the joys,
The wedding parties -- my memories of eagerness,
My passion,
And the smell of the smoked fish amorously dallies with
The cheeks of *Abu Noas*.

Only for you,
My mother and yours
Pray, implore and supplicate,
And recite *Yassin* , *Al Rahman* and the Plea
To the Greatest Hidden Name of Allah
Beseech to the lord of people...

What scattered from the dreams of your children
I will gather
in the land of stranger
And will ask what remained from your good men
And the hero of your struggle
In *Karbalaa*,
Faluja and Baghdad
Hella and *Mosel*
All the dark land...
Only for you, hero
Who enlightens with his glory and the light of his face
The heaven
It is you who else
O Iraq
O Iraq
O Iraq...

3.

Cup of Coffee and Female's Appeal

By Layila Ibrahim (Saudi Arabia)

1.

She desired
Sipping morning
As he fills it up...

2.

A frail thread dripped
From the light of his spirit,
Thus he enlivened
Deserted caves...

3.

A drop from his breathes
Oozed
Igniting
Jungles of desire...

4.

The tamed cat
Bites
The breeze's fingers
When
She tampered with its hair....

5.

A cup of coffee
Embraced desert-like lips
A luscious spell flowed....

6.

The roaming kisses
Heeded not
The fields of adoration.....

7.

Flock of desires
Conversed her
In haste....

8.

The pillow that stuffed
With their sighs
Slept in tranquility....

9.

That was
The temptation of the wretched
And distressed...

4.

A Call for Return

By Hassan Khashab (Morocco)

Here the earth is grisly
As if it were the surface of the Moon.
Water is rare,
And the sun casts sparks.
Nature here is severely harsh,
Till people's trait becomes arduous
O Sindibad, enough flight,
It is time to go back...
Here the souls die of loneliness,
Or boredom...
You departed a land
Wherein the most precious gems
Abide in her sand...
The drops of rain make her as if in spring,
Wear the most appealing images.....
The flowers fill her with fragrance
And the birds sing happily on the trees,
There - summer is a season of wedding,
Or harvesting the seeds,
There - night is an intimate date
For glee and intimacy....
Back, O sailor, back,
Your sweetheart has waited enough...!

5.

Situations

By Salih el-Soisi (Tunisia)

Violins

Between two sad mantras,
The teeny violins dance,
And cry
The memory of their chafed strings...

Slow Death

There, near an old hearth
She sat down flattering what has remained
Of an age of wheat stalks – her age!
What an amazing time...!
The autumn has returned so soon this year....

Prediction

In such a long night like this one
what could two lovers do...?
Maybe they would smile at the Moon hidden
Behind the clouds of winter
And dream...!

Letter

I put the rose in the letter
with some alphabets which I bestrewed them like tears
On the face of the screen...
In the morning she opened her mail box,
A light gushed,
And between her fingers one thousand butterflies danced...!

6.

Letter to My Mother

By Suhail el-Isawi (Palestine)

Oh my mother,
I know how dear
I am to your heart,
And I know that your eyes won't blink
Before I surrender my self to sleep ...
If I don't come on time,
You will start searching for me everywhere,
Knocking all the doors
to hear any news
About my place.
Perhaps the areas of your heart are swept over
By my name ...and my picture.
Maybe, your green leaves will get dry
If I go away.
You recognize my voice and picture
Among millions of faces and voices.
You identify my footsteps upon the chest of the earth
And distinguish my scattered breathes in the air.
No matter how older I become,
You will always behold me a child.
Ah my mother, I wish the past would come back again.
I would sail on your eternal compassion.
If I smash the mounts,
Travel in all the seas,
And designate you the Queen of time,
I won't be able to repay you back
For a kiss you imprinted on my cheek. ..!

7.

The Rain Song

By Badr Shakir el-Sayyab (Iraq)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

Your eyes are two palm tree forests at early dawn
Or two verandas from which the moonlight recedes
When your eyes smile, the vines put forth their leaves
And the lights dance like moons in a river
Rippled by an oar at an early dawn
As if the stars were pulsating in their depth
And they drown in a mist of sheer sorrow
Like the sea stroked by the hands of the evening
Containing the warmth of winter and the quiver of Autumn
And death and birth, darkness and light
A sobbing flares up to shiver in my soul and
And a ferocious elation embracing the sky
An ecstasy of a child scared by the moon
As if arches of mist were drinking the clouds
Drop by drop dissolved in the rain
And the children burst into laughter in the vineyard bowers
The rain song tickled the silence of the sparrows on trees
Rain
Rain
Rain
The evening yawned and the clouds were still
Pouring their heavy tears
As if a child, before sleeping, was raving about his mother
A year ago, he woke up and did not find her
And when he kept asking about her
He was told

After tomorrow she will be back
She must come back
Yet his companions whisper that she is there
Laying dead by the side of the hill
Eating soil and drinking rain
As if a sad fisherman was gathering nets and
Cursing the water and fate
Scattering songs as the moon sets

Rain

Rain

Do you know what sorrows the rain can prompt?
And how gutters sob when it pours down?
Do you know how lost a lonely person feels in the rain
Endlessly like bloodshed, the hungry, love, children and the dead
It is the rain
Your eyes take me roaming in the rain
Lightings from across the gulf sweeps
The Iraqi shores with stars and shells
As if dawn was about to break from them
As if a sun was about to rise from them

But the night pulls over a coverlet of blood
I call out on the gulf "O gulf
O bestower of pearls, shells and death"
The echo replies as if grieving:
"O gulf
O bestower of shells and death"
I almost hear Iraq massing thunder
And storing lightning in mountains and plains
In order that if the seal were broken by men
The winds would not leave any trace of *Thamud* in the valley
I almost hear the palm trees drinking the rain
Hear the villagers groan and the immigrants
Struggling with oar and sail
The gulf storms and thunders singing
Rain
Rain
Rain
And there is hunger in Iraq
The harvest scatters the corn in it
The locusts and crows may eat their fill
Granaries and stones grind on and on

Mills turn in the fields surrounded by human
Rain
Rain
Rain
How many tears we shed when the night of departing arrived
Making the rain an excuse fearing the blame
Rain
Rain
Since we were children, the sky would be clouded in winter
And the rain would pour down
And every year, when soil becomes green
We starve

Not a year passed and Iraq has not suffered starvation
Rain
Rain
Rain
In every drop of rain
Red or yellow buds of flowers
Every tear shed by the hungry and naked
And every drop of slaves' blood shed
Is a smile awaiting a new mouth
Or a nipple becomes rosy in an infant's mouth
In the young world of tomorrow
Giver of life
Rain
Rain
Rain
Iraq will become green"
I call on the gulf": O gulf
O giver of pearls, shells and death
The echo replies as if whimpering:
"O gulf
O bestower of shells and death"
The gulf scatters its plentiful gifts
On the sand: a lather of salty water and shells
And the remains of the drowned forlorn immigrant still
Drinking death
From a fathomless gulf in the silence below
In Iraq a thousand serpents drink
The nectar from a flower, the Euphrates has nurtured with
Dew
I hear the echo

Resounding in the gulf
Rain
Rain
Rain
In every drop of rain
Red or yellow buds of flowers
And each tear shed by the naked and hungry
And each drop of slave's blood shed
Is a smile awaiting a new mouth
Or a nipple becomes rosy in an infant's mouth
In the young world of tomorrow, giver of life"
And the rain pours down

8.

Ambition

By Abdulsalam Mosbah (Morocco)

1.

My lady,
My ambition was very limited
Very simple
To be One, say, in a nest,
In the sanctuary of pelican,
Or on the branches of the moon,
Or the current to carry and lead us to an alphabet
That explodes with fertility,
Tempts the whisperings,
The fruits of love,
And awakens a heavenly glamour within us,
Buds in the desert of the flesh,
Cleanses us from the swells of aridity,
From the drought of love
And the Drought of love-making... !

2.

My lady,
My ambition was lesser
Than you could imagine.
It was to sit at a café
To clap for a waiter
And order cups of dreams,
Some slices
Of the bread of time...!
When the green longing touches us,
We slacken in the shade of the wet alphabet
In order to embellish a domain
That admits whisper,
Revealing,
Areas in which we could implant love
And the promised hope,
And open for the bridled desires
A window
In the roof of time...
And we sleep naked
Like all the simple people...!!

9.

Three Scenes from Memos of Sad Man

By Haneen Omar (Algeria)

1.

Alone you are
and the memory of love is empty in spite of the clique.
Your cups
Without coffee;
The blackness that fills them
Has the taste of coffee and the odor of crying.

2.

In front of the table a spectrum
It is you while thinking it is someone else
And under your feet a startling emptiness
Spreading over you
And making the sky grieve...

3.

You have now:
-While trying hard to be
For the last time a poet -
Pen,
Paper,
A desire !
Still your limpness is
Stronger than the areas of things...

10.

The Main Road

By Lamis Sa'aidi (Algeria)

The old dust
Dwells in the balconies...
Only the old woman understands:
Why the rain of autumn is unable
To wash the face of evening...!
She enters the cinema's open hall,
Watching her favorite movie-
(The passing by of pedestrians and cars)
Realizing that the hero will be more handsome
When he gets older...!
Only she will kiss him at the end of the movie
And leave with him at the end of the night
Together with the long-stopped clock hands..

11.

I Pray Behind my Shadow

By Bahija Massri Adelbi (Syria)

Give me an attire
From dreams,
From the shadow of words,
So that I may conceal the silence of my spirit,
Sprinkle memory
With an alphabet
From the myths of evening....
Then I will fold the trip of coldness,
Pray behind my shadow
Be able to sleep...!!

Give me a transparent attire
If it discloses the mirrors of my melodies,
It will unveil me.
Whenever I hide myself in it
I hide my grief...
Give me whatsoever
As the secret overflows within me,
And night moves
With the wind....!
Thus my mornings become baffled
While I am not perceiving that...!

O you who spreads in my vision
Horizons and azure..
Here, I am not wearing a thing
But love....
But me!
Give me attire
From the clouds
So, when ever it embraces me,
I realize its depth...!

12.

I'll Get my Bags Ready to Travel

By Mahmood Suliman (Egypt)

On my way to you,
I will wage a war
From one side
As I own nothing
But one grin...
I will empty the thirty years
And ask the children,
The streets and stations,
The newspapers sellers,
About a blood which is not mine,
And about friends who left behind their weeping
And departed...
I will sort out my dreams,
And my only shoe once besmirched
With war- and-peace chronicles,
And mumble simple things:
The palm tree has never been fruitful,
The dog that got bored of its barking,
Died alone..
On my way to you,
I forget the regrets of my hands
And the quarrel of my children,
And my need to cry,
And ask,
“How many roses are in the way...!”

As I possess nil from the war
Except dust of fake triumphs.
I will get my bags ready to travel,
And the hamlet for the trip,
And the sparrows
For the rifle...
Ah I wish the clouds could follow me
While I hide the tempest
In my half sleeve shirt,
And give the fields my coffee,
And bow
To the air that dispersed
The gathering of the loved ones
Ah if the war would realize that
I'm counting the stones
In my baby's short pipe...
Nothing is in the vehicles
But war...
Nothing is in the war
But a way
Which leads to nothing new...

13.

My Mother

By Ahmad el-Attar (Morocco)

My mother
A light walking on my eyelash,
Clarity pouring with the rain.
My mother
The wrinkles of time,
The spring of compassion.
The skyline! No! Beyond!
Beyond the coldness of fate...!

My mother,
A flag
Fluttering over my arches,
A star
Glimmering among my stars,
A garden of love and tree...

My mother,
A heart respiring roses,
Mercy hailing love,
The bright breeze and delicious flower...

My Mother,
The earth, love and home,
Everything that has been and will be,
Inscribed in the dictionaries of aspiration...

My mother,
Under her feet is paradise,
And the glamour in her facial appearance.

My mother,
-every mother is about to be
A goddess
Among the people...!!

14.

The Manner of Sand

By Mahmood el-Braikan (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

To History much ado and rub
Never hearkened by million skulls
That in oblivion are wrapped
You, man,
On the brink of this world, overlook the Cosmic Abyss,
Aspire to galaxies
On a flickering of a fading torch,
You, man,
Contemplate distances and millions of light years
And gaze at the watch in hand
This is your Monarchy.
Oh, man
You change! You dissolve! What for?
Here, events are heaped
And History as a wave fluctuates
And the fixed whereabouts changes
In the manner sand-dunes do
Where the shapes, time after time, are molded
Where the gushed plagues march to blow
Where the seasons be at war
Where only one rose in the void grows
What are the Planets, if not just a grain amidst the Cosmos?
What is Man's life, if not a crass moment amidst Infinity?
Then, Man, fear not. That is the question.
Since this moment is still yours, you may match
The rhythms of the world to the beats of your Heart.
Man, take deep inhales
Though amidst the abyss of Void, you are.

15.

The Female (infant), Buried Alive

By Fatima el-Hamzawi (Tunisia)

Oh man who
Runs
On the spirit's paths,
And guards
The age's recesses

Oh God who travels
To the cells of my being,
Do not gather my weeping.
I am still
Standing on the shore of your departure,

Tasting
The site of your footstep
Engraved
In the heart's soil.

My lip is still
Till now
Attached
With the forehead of death.

Do not gather my weeping...!
Do not gather my weeping..!

You, O my father,
When closing your eyes,
You forget me
Hanging there,
Sipping
The bitterness
Of losing
Like black opium.

Whenever
I run out of it,
I plant it over again
And
The forehead of death
Still
Till now
Smiles
Over the groan of my lips!

16.

As at Night

by Mustafa Murad (Palestine)

As at night , when it hoods everything
In its dark tummy,
The stranger gets lost,
Sleeping in the desire's whispers,
Saying:

This is my home,
And my house is a locked shell
Swimming lonely
In the sea of darkness
The faraway.... The faraway...

As at night , when it hoods everything
In its dark tummy,
Seasons stride their doors open,
And maidens feed
The beaks of the fasting sparrows
Their tiny breasts..

As at night , when it hoods everything
In its dark tummy,
The high sky awakens,
Stretching the tongue of plea
Licking the mounts' fervent breasts...
Thus fertility!

An endless secret...
As at night , when it hoods everything
In its dark tummy,
Feet get pregnant
Cursed with mysterious intentions,
Language melts
Over the protruded,
Insatiable lips ...

In the night where everything hides
In its dark tummy,
Quiver reaches its zenith
And reveries dream
Of the wet morning
Of the dew
That will change the color of thing....

17.
For You

By Mustafa Murad (Palestine)

Outlying you are like the sky's dome
Near like the God
Enigmatic like the essence of things
While I am
Weary from the heaven and things
And the dumb gods
And I do love you...

18.

The Half Truth

By Nasir Badwan (Jordan)

A shadow follows me;
It has the treading of death...
The blade of the soul of hatred
Follows me;
I hold my breaths
And my eyes behind me.
It follows me
Whenever I become ahead of it...
I try to swindle it
but it gets ahead of me.
I run as fast as I could
It reaches me...
Stabs me
I oozed blood,
I bleed.
Stab me;
I bear my wound over my trunk,
Blether ravings,
Pointing at things ...two:
One on the chair
One now on the way climbing it.
An odd that I behold,
The other face of the coin.
Does the chair have stairs from left,
From right
From the leftist left,
And from rightist right.
Yet, the truth is in my mouth I do claim.
Is it true that truth is in my mouth?!
I am the journalist.
I Drone,

Whisper.
I am the enemy of the dwelling silence,
Between the two stones of the grinder,
The Silence that grinds me.
Because of my fear,
I cry:
I neither know fear
nor get afraid.

Neither silence nor fear
Could overcome me...
I carry my guitar
fill the air of my freedom
Drone... whistle
Feel as steady – paced as one shadow
Follows me. No!
Two without a sound
While in silence I fly.
My voice leaves me
As the shadow that follows does,
Is he relaxed now?
Did he like the color of my blood?!
Did he like wandering off in my eyes?!
The word-question - 'why'?
Will he remember me?
How much will he remember?
Does the prosecutor have a memory ever -- to remember me?!
Who offers condolence to my children and wife?
Ah, my darling,
How awful it hurts
The look of fear in your eyes that I know!
The tear of repression wherein my picture will grow
A journey of life,
A Journey of nowhere,
The path of my illusions and dreams,
A truth is beating like a heart
A truth is speaking in my mouth.
But is it truly
The truth
Is
In my mouth?!

19.

Larks of Love

By Nasir Badwan (Jordan)

My head
Glistens with grey.
My heart
Glistens with love.
Let all this whiteness be burnt
Over the embers of the fervent eagerness,
And the larks of love
Sing
In my veins,
So that the roses will be boomed.
Definitely
I will seduce you
With my wine and honey.
So stretch your slender fingers
Towards my roses
So that I may break
between your palms my stubbornness,
And accomplish
In the azure of your eyes
My advance.

20.

The Principles of Lust

By Ahmad el-Khial (Egypt)

Against the lust that reoccurs,
The body changes,
Molds,
Expands,
Gushing a fervent dream.

You rise up
From the fumes of vision.
You sweep up the dust of my eagerness from your head.
In your eyes
A remnant of eternal slumber
A long, long slumber,
Like my grief.

Against the lust that reoccurs,
The body, not the same.
The body ,
Departure,
Imbalance in the Time,
A hideout
and solitude,
At the same temple where I used to adore
And the same pagan goddesses
By the full breast's faith
Praises
She forgives every woman who sins
Or just desires!

Against the will of lust that
Recapped.
The body changed
It talked about a woman
Who gets naked every morning
and waters....

When you wave with your clothes,
A shiver flows in my limbs.

With one spike,
You, a tent,
Uprooted by the hurricanes of my lust,
Torn by the body...

21.

Old Age

By Buland el-Haidari (Iraq)

Another winter,
And here am I,
By the side of the burning stove,
Dreaming of a woman who might be dreaming of me,
Dreaming to bury in her bosom
A secret;
Thus she mocks not at her secret.
I dream to set out in the curve of my age
My fading years
And then she would say:
This light is mine;
Let no woman draw near it.
Here,
By the side of the burning stove,
Another winter,
And here Am I,
Sewing my dreams and fearing them,
Afraid that her eyes would mock at
A bald, idiotic patch in my head,
A gray, white hair within me,
Afraid that her feet would kick
My love
And finding myself by the side of the burning stove,
A toy in a woman's hand.
Another winter and here am I,
Alone,
Without love,
Or dreams,
Or a woman,
And tomorrow I shall die of my coldness
Here, by the side of the burning stove..!

22.

Near the Edge

By Mazin el-Najjar (Syria)

The hat that was fond of the wind,
It was like me.
When I picked a tomb
Smaller than my size with two years,
The sleepers did not wake me up
With their vociferous dreams
Nor my ghost did stop on the edge,
Having long discussion,
Trying to convince the travelers to stay...!
All what I got eyelashes blinking me on high
Near a line where waters descend,
And a sharp blade
To chafe at the end the slaps of childhood,
I fold carefully
In an old drawer of the memory .

Nothing remains of him
But his face at the time when saying bye.
This is what she conveyed to her new husband
At the middle of the night.
He did not utter anything;
His hand took the responsibility to do the task.
- From what are you escaping?
Arms widely opened, having the taste of my mother.
- I'm going back to your tummy
With all the old promises,
Leaving behind me all the lost words
Chewing the people's mouth,
In order to utter them once again,
More than being in silence.

O death,
There are so many things,
I forgot them with you
Before you had begotten me.
Now I need cheap tickets,
Only three- class,
Enough to go on traveling
To all the stations,
Searching for my lost luggage.

23.

The Hurricanes of One Female

By Kamal Aref (Egypt)

Although I drank all kinds of wine,
I did not get drunk,
But the nectar of your lips made me drunk.
I got acquainted with the tender things,
But I did not see a thing as tender as your breasts.
Life tightened its grip around me,
And evolved,
But I never saw a narrow waist
Nor did I see precincts revolving
Circling, swaying...
I lived in this life in its all dimensions,
Sailed all the seas,
Not getting lost from my world,
But your eyes drown me.
Your lips sway me,
As well as all your curves,
Your coquettish hoarse,
And all your loudness and stubbornness,
Your insanity and eagerness,
And all your flow and tide,
The wail of your tempests,
The warmth of your compassion,
The tranquility of your secrets,
The harmony of your sighs.
Thus I beg you to let me
Go back to my world....
For lo! I am lost,
Looost,
Looost....!

24.

She, the Dawn and I

By Omar Alwi Nasna (Morocco)

Do not wake up,
Oh dawn,
Oh River,
Oh Sea,
For lo! My heart is weary...!

The wind swoops down
On the soil's peak,
And the star that used to fill my hand,
Is no longer anxious to be near my side.

Do not wake up, for I am here,
Cast away on the time's peak;
Memory has no heart to open
Nor has the sea of eagerness shores.

Oh Dawn, sit down
Behind the eyelashes of the night
Alone...

The picture of the swelling promise
Died within me.
Today has no more tomorrows,
Nor do I believe, oh Dawn, in your promises...!
Thus sit down alone behind the eyelash of the night,
If leaving gets you upset,
Then let me be.
For I do not have your patience,
Oh Dawn...!

25.

For Your Sake

By Aisha Mohammed (Saudi Arabia)

For you I will be
Whatever you want me to be.

For you I will be
The beauty
And the appealing senses.

For you I will be
The smile
And the lament of the poem.

For you I will be
The child,
The female,
The soul,
The friendly.

For you I will be
Melodies that thaw away
Your grief
And your painful wounds.

For you I will be
The vastness
And the grievous tears of heaven.

For you I will be
The night and the day,
The glittering leaves of time.

For you I will be
The refrain,
The convention,
The mazes,
And new recklessness.

For you I will be
The homeland,
The dwelling- place,
The shelter,
And the supplications of the lover.

For you I will be
The dream,
The existence,
And the reality.

For you I will be
The rain,
The roses,
The violet,
The velvet,
And all the joys of nature.

For you I will be
Myself.
Only for you ...
Only for you...
Only for you...

26.

I Glimmer Like Pine Forest

By Soad el-Kwari (Qatar)

Beneath the only bridge,
I stood up waiting for you
In the darkness that dribbles
In the streets crowded with drunks
And lovers.

Beneath the old bridge, I stood,
Concealing the tranquility of the Universe in the pocket of my coat
And waiting for you.

I was hesitating,
Wrapping my body in apparel made of wool,
Watching the awakening of the cats
From beneath the high building
Trying so hard to move my foot...
Your hands were warmer than mine.
Your coat was wetted by the drops of rain.
Your head that went on,
Diving in my bosom...

I was hesitating
To remove your tent from my depths,
And quench my thirst by the nectar of memory.

Come to my bosom,
And crawl in like little hedgehog,
Let your rough hands
Glide on my back
Like two giant wings,
Embrace me with slackness,
Arrange the days of my time-out
On your rough- curved shores.

I look at you,
Swollen with pride by the odor of fast breathing fragrance,
Behind you,
By the horses of your wild lust
On my body that must rest
On any crescent.
My heart must stop soaring.
My head must get used to the evening - coffee,
To the coldness of early morning hour - one o'clock.
O directions,
Engulf me with your eternal commandants,
Take me from your multiple hands,
In order to glow like a forest of pine
And smolder like the comets
So that the magical pavement may
Glimmer suddenly,
And the sparrows of love may
Soar in the sky.
Our lips are thirsty for love
For singing...
This soft sky...
The ripples touch our feet;
I attach my back to yours,
My head to yours,
My hand with yours.
We look
As if we were crucified on the wind's body,
Engulfed by the tempest,
Wetted by the mist.

27.

Not in Our Capability

By Mohammed el-Laghafi (Morocco)

Alas,
Too long we stayed
In this chalice,
We need More than this age,
In order to make joy like a horse neigh
Around us.
But my dear,
The fingers of the clock
Started pointing at your eyes,
So let us go
Before they shed
The blood
Of my poems.

28.

Letter from Under the Water

By Nizar Qabbani (Syria)

If you were my friend,
Help me to leave you...
Or if you were my beloved,
Help me to be healed of you...

If I had known
That the sea was so deep,
I would not have dove in...
If I had known
That Love was so perilous,
I would not have fallen in love.
If I had known my end,
I would not have begun.

I longed for you,
So teach me not to crave...
Teach me
How to pull up the roots of your love
From the depths.
Teach me
How tears may die in the eyes,
And love may pass away
And yearnings commit suicide.
Teach me
How to rebel against you,
And to be saved from the sword of yearning.

I remained after you
A book with torn papers...!
You are all my past and present
And all the days of my living...
My love for you is poetic love
So why do you kill poetry in me?
My love for you is watery
So why do you push me to the rock?
Oh you whom I bestowed the sun's light,
So why did you give me darkness in return...
I presented you the forests,
So why did you give me the desert?
You tour in the land
While you let the tempest chew my flesh...
I am in the water
While your voice is coming to me
From under the water,
And the resemblances of your face
Coming out for me like a giant,
Coming from the depth of water...

The lines of your hand chase me
Even in water...
Ah, if my memory would drown,
If your face and history would drown
If thousands of things would drown...
Ah how worn out I feel...!

If you were a prophet,
Cleanse me from this spell,
Deliver me from this atheism...
Your love is atheism,
So purify me from this atheism.

O you who depicted life unto me a poem,
And planted your wounds in my bosom,
And took patience away...

If I were so dear unto you,
then take my hand...!
For lo! I am enthralled from my
Head to my toe...

If you were strong,
Rescue me from this sea...
For I don't know the art of swimming

The blue waves in your eyes
Dragging me to the depths
nothing remains but the blue color
Blue...
Blue...

I do not have experience in love
Nor do I have a boat...
I am breathing under water!
I am drowning...
Drowning...
Drowning...

29.

One Year since Separation

By Suhail el-Isawi (Palestine)

Oh my darling,
One year has passed since our separation;
Morning took off the attire of hope.
The days are ruminative,
And people are numbers and images molding.
Each morning the sun casts its scarf to me
To wipe off the bleeding wound
From the sea of my heart,
And grief weighs heavily on the streets,
And on all the pavements that we used to flatter...

30.

I Lose My Mouth While You Smile

By Ali el-Sari (Libya)

Overlooking

On the tunes of her steps,
Fantasy appeared from its hideout.
Because of the language veil,
Poem would be completely naked.
This is how love comes;
This is how poetry is born...

The Stones of Silence

Meanings pile on in the corners of my soul
Whenever I ride my tongue.
It tumbles at their borders
In the stones of the silence...!

Enlightening

Breezes wring the eyelashes of the poem
While it is blossoming
For the morning angelic kisses...
Thus the delicate scent emanates in the sleeping corners
While you are illuminating
In the world of meaning...

Pursuit

Your breaths chase me wherever I go,
And when I seek refuge in the poem,
I behold you there naked
And meanings wrapping you...

I lose my mouth while you smile

Whenever I ride the horseback of fantasy,
The mines of visions explode under the poem.
Thus language fractures,
And letters disperse,
And sentence turns me down me.
This is how
I lose my mouth
While you are smiling...

Passageways

The passages of your harmonic eyelashes
At the gate of my heart
Awaken from time to time
The faintness of the mind.

Silence

Whenever I send silence unto you,
The pasture of the poem grows up on your lips.
The way to your eyes
Is always rainy with poetry...

31.

Normal Death

By Nidal Hamed (Palestine)

Is Death a death,
My friend...
You might die a normal death,
And you might not find enough space for a coffin,
Or even a tomb,
Or blooming rose.
As the world goes in silence,
And in silence decays.

32.

A Grain of Joy is Enough

By Majida Abdel Nabi (Egypt)

A grain of joy is enough
To come out excruciating grief.
Oh man who is going too far,
The ghost of smile on your lips
Flutters around the heart,
Cultivates the apertures of my life with love.
You'll gather my pieces,
And take me away from my sorrows.
Thus the day starts...!

Oh you who is drowning in your worries,
Soaring in your doubts,
Plant me a palm in your heart
So I may plant you a sun in my prolonged age...!

Little joy is enough
To forget our wounds,
And today is a feast...!

33.

Jamal Abdul Nasser

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

Darkness is crawling,
Camping in the streets of our minds,
Enshrouding our life...
While the devils are living in our homes
eating our bread and drinking our wine
The moon of the east
Who enlightened our souls
Departed,
Leaving his legacy behind...

O Jamal Abdul Nasser,
Orphans are we.
Arise,
Shake the dust of death off your body
And let not death
Prevent you from continuing your legacy

O Jamal,
Your horse stands waiting
As the gates of Jerusalem are awaiting your entrance,
The bells of Bethlehem's churches ring,
Singing and calling to you.

Jamal,
You are he
Who wrote the glorious history chapters,
Destroyed the shrine of slavery
And defeated our enemy.
You made us Dream and Believe.

“One can't be free if the mind is enslaved”

Munir Mezyed

34.

Excessive Outbursts

By Ahmad el-Attar (Morocco)

1.

He was standing on the Sun's shoulders,
Shedding his ink,
A token for the petitioners.
He was standing silently
Like a mount.

2.

The sky rained not that night;
He stayed staring at her for a year.
Stared inadvertently,
Thus his beloved fell down whom he desired...

3.

Early he was throwing French songs out of the window,
Clutching his book as if a sword,
Sipping his coffee sadistically ,
While she in vanity was getting ready
To give lesson in love,
Lesson without a title...

4.

The Alphabets which visit me surprisingly,
While I 'm flattering the screen.
It regularly dies,
Waving the gypsies' hankie

35.

The Ordeal Tune

Salih Abdel Sabour (Egypt)

I beheld you when the nights of my life had illuminated
I beheld you when the ropes of patience had melted
I beheld you after so many long years...
Like my pains, as you were in my dreams
As if the night, o my life, did not pass by
As if the sun were a sleep
In *Abkar*, the Jinn's well
As if the world were in ecstasy
Spinning around us without perceiving

I beheld you
After so many years of deprivation and misery
As if you were a white rose and my soul fluttering over it
As if you were a tune in the depth of my heart, in your innocence a holy angel

After so many years of deprivation and anxiety
I bore my pain
And because of their dismay, my hair turned into white - gray
I see you here as you were, as if you did not slay a heart nor crushed an age
Your adorability matches with the sun and the moon
And love is inscribed on my heart that cleaved and remained like my sorrows
It is predestined for me or a fate

36.

The First Game

By Muhammad el-Salih el-Gharisi (Morocco)

Child I was;
My dreams are drawn
On the wings of butterflies.
My memories are tattooed
Upon the doors and walls.
My chants are signed on chirps of swallows.
Child I was,
Chasing my dreams on the path of time,
Dallying with hopes.
Child I was,
Playing with the wind,
And when darkness comes,
I gaze at the range.
I extend my hand to a moon that never comes.
I long for my mother's lap
For my first game.
Sixty dreams passed by,
Yet, I am still a child,
Observing the sea mermaids,
Building sand palaces.
Child still I am,
Stubborn like the wave.
Winds scatter what I build.
I chase They chase.

O time!
When will this game be over?
We live just for sorrow.
How long that be so?
We build only to lose
How long that be so?
How long will we keep on grabbing the wind
And the dolls of candle keep on melting
Under the sun of Truth?
How long will we keep on carrying the rock of our dreams
Between the plains and the peak?
Oh Child – the dweller of the ribs,
Today,
The crucified smile will be born
Upon the children's lips,
And the child in us in joy will fly,
Grow, though I tell, no, not grow.
Only Time.
You child come,
Child remain
Only you for ever
Play the first game...

37.

Fragments

By Sanaa Cheddal (Morocco)

Corroded Fences,
Wild and choppy sea,
And a boat, ragged boards
Feet in wait,
And Ancient Hope's shouts
The sea in fragments
The waves fractured over forgotten rock routs
A runaway shadow
Enshrouded in blackness,
Gulping the plight salinity of its flesh,
And plunging to the depths.
The wave sang
The city fell
In slow, in slow,
Leaving the masts for gulls hanging in the air.
The whale rebelled,
And on its mouth a timid smile spilled,
Telling deceivably about a runaway shadow in the bottom
With cavernous eyes
Blue cheeks,
Telling,
Narrating
About the light of the city streets,
About the hubbub and rub the confused cities,
And about crumbled leaves,
And pieces of a rusty flagon,
And about fragments.
A word is falling
Falling....
Falling... to the depths.

38.

Dreaming of the Sun

By Aziz el-Gharbawi (Morocco)

The sky has changed.
The comrade has replaced his eyes.
The space isn't a harbor any more.
Who craves greedily for poetry?
Time isn't a storehouse for memories any more.
Talking isn't running away any more.
The beloved one has changed his heart.

Who is the one in wait for bread on the screens,
Or water from the poem's springs,
Or a new face on newspapers' pages..?

Who is the one whom days have not set up one's fires,
Nor have you expected him to be a different creature everyday, even you,
Or a new perfume growing...?

Does the air kill water?
In air, poetry dies.
In water, love dies.
In dusk, darkness is preying my intelligence;
The role of sparrows rising up,
Pats scattering all over the walls.

You have not accompanied the wind's insects
Nor heard the hunter's secret who is sleeping
Like a dawn over the hill,
Dreaming of the dancing sun in the heights.
Who is the one who is waiting the sun in secret,
And who days could not uproot forcibly,
Nor did they bestow him poisonous skin
Or blind heart...?
Who is that who is sleeping,
Bending and curving..
Could it be that *Adam's* apples
Is the likeness of a wave of drowned water?

Its forces aroused by *Zeir Salam's* reputed love
Or by "Let us Stop Here and Cry", the lyric by *Amero Kais*
Like a memory in the mind.

He saw two birds in the corners of his eyes:
One did not die by the poets' arrows,
The other one that did at day
Does disappear
Till becomes a symbol
And turns to be eagerness
Between two hearts,
And a cry suffocating in the lake's hollows.

39.

Salma

By Abdel Rahman Ghilan (Yemen)

With you I have ended
Although unsavoring
The taste of beginning.
I rolled my cups,
And dosed,
But my heart never palliated
Nor its flute quivered.

You were a partner of where I harbor
This evening.
A drop of eagerness, I sipped
A drop of fervor,
A drop of death.
Here I am closing my eyes happily,
And I do not know what the tale is.

The love of my traveling heart is
In the cloud of the cup.
My life's mate; a life stud with
With luxury
And despair.
At the door of your breast,
Where I stopped and knelt,
My survival neighed
In you I collected piece by piece
My prayer
In order to voice you a verse of Miracle!

40.

Between Your Hands

By Majida Abdel Nabi (Egypt)

Between your hands,
The distances of words quiver,
And tales moan.
Their great heroes come out from their white pages,
Traveling in my bones,
Infuse their eagerness into my pores,
Wakening Narcissus, the sleeper
In the fragments of my green eagerness.

I get lost in you.
O you who are wakeful like a star,
Deep sounding in my wounds like an arrow,
Torturing and afflicting me,
Sucking and casting me away,
On the thresholds of dreams.
Between your hands,
Illusion is Reality
Where my smoldering blood slumbers on it
And reality becomes illusions.

41.

The Table of Seasons

By Thora el-Rezouk (Syria)

Last season,
Which died, the sky rained pumpkin seeds;
The land turned into a Structuralistic lake,
And in the ground of waters
Under the plow of seasons,
Hot
Cold,
Hot,
Hot,
Cold, very cold snow, freezing cold .
God sent angels
After Modernism.
I saw the tree of fire
Growing
Without smoke.
At this time
Smoke is the inauguration of fertility,
And land plots to abort fruitful,
Pears, green bananas, and clay.
No hope is left for us,
But to go back to the universal cuisine
To the mature rice,
Mature wheat,
And the usurped land which is more delicious than Cactus of paradise.

42.

Identity Card

By Mahmoud Darwish (Palestine)

Record!

I am an Arab,
And my identity card number is fifty thousand,
And I have eight kids
And the ninth one is coming after summer.
Would you be angry?

Record!

I am an Arab
And I work with my fellow labors at a quarry,
And I have eight kids.
I struggle to get them loaf of bread,
Clothes and notebook
From the rocks.
I do not plead for your alms at your door
Nor do I decry at the tiles of your threshold
So, would you be angry?

Record!

I am an Arab.
I am a name without a title,
Patient living in a country
Wherein everything that lives in it is outraged

My roots

Had been ingrained before the birth of time
Before the blooming of epochs,
Before the cypress and olive trees,
Before the growing of pasture....

My father is from the family of the plow,
Not from the privileged classes,
And my grandfather was a cultivator,
Neither well-bred nor well-born,
Teaching me the pride of the sun

Before teaching me how to read the books.
My house is like a watchman's hut
Made of reeds and canes
Thus, does my status satisfy you?
I am a name without a title.

Record!
I am an Arab,
The color of hair is black,
and the color of eyes is brown.
My distinctive features:
I wear *ghatta w'igal* on my head,
And my palm is solid like a rock.
It scratches whoever touches it.
My Address:
I am from defenseless and forgotten village
Its streets have no names
And all its men are in the field and the quarry.
My favorite meal
Is olive oil and oregano.
Would you be angry?

Record!
I am an Arab,
You robbed the vines of my ancestors,
And a land I used to cultivate
Along with my children,
And you left nothing for us and for all my grandchildren
But these rocks.
Thus, will your government seize them, as it said?

Therefore,
Record on the top of the first page!
I do not hate people
Nor do I rob others
But if I become hungry
I will eat the flesh of my usurper.
Thus beware
Beware of my hunger
Of my anger.

43.

The Lustrous Grief

By Faisal Abdul Waheb Haider (Iraq)

Quench my thirst
From your hands...!
I gulped all the sands of Arabia,
But your figure is vast,
Your suns smolder me.
Keep my lips away
Away from the well's edge.
Your water satisfies my boiling,
And kills me!
Abate my revolt...!
The clan's camels stopped and knelt
At the outskirts of my heart, the Host
Yet, no tent among the clans' flocks,
No sign of fire
But, just a moment,
A loaf of bread, I made
With the bleed of my injury, I doughed
The guest-food for the knights, my cousins. So hurry, hand it
Me they loved,
My blood they stabbed
With their daggers.
Say not to me that the hearth of the fire dimmed,
This is my heart.
Take.
The embers of the hearths
A star to guide...

44.

Interpretation of the Day

By Faisl Abdul Waheb Haider (Iraq)

A moon in the darkness of the two eyes
Wears the germ of fire,
Bleeds in love,
It is a river of tears and blood.

Winds disperse heart's sails
For the one who boastfully charms!
Who kisses long the roses of the slain.

The stature of death bows
To the words, the fountains,
To the impossible dream.

Weakness in the body;
The soul slumbers out of bounds and borders
The Book of Eternity it recites

45.

Widow in a Swamp

By Yousif Shahada (Palestine)

Let her go...!
Do not steal her from her swamp!
How she sunk till her ears in its algae and gallstones
How...!
How she ran behind the shepherds of confused clouds
When a wolf thrusts its blood into the face of the earth.
She is the widow of the brunette earth,
The brood of desert's sand.

Ridden thorn
In a tremble of death,
Is thirsty.
She is the lady of the coming death.
She is the lady of darkness,
Hovering with her buttocks like galaxy dust,
Entering the gate of our planet,
A thread in a needle.

46.
Not I

By Bilal el-Masri (Lebanon)

Not I ;
Nihilism has no shadow to follow .
Your voice which amazes me I do not hear;
The one who is standing between your hands.
If all the trees flowered,
If all the women delayed their autumn,
Your favors would not be of any benefit to him.
Your voice that worries me,
I do not hear.
I am not the mount to send it back to you
Nor am I the abyss to pass me by
Without falling.
Inflict me so I may know your heart, my time.
The one, who stands there, is a mirage.
The one who sits here is not I.
I do not know if I were present or absent.

47.

The Dreadful Silence

By Batoul el-Alawi (Morocco)

Why is this dreadful silence?
Are you still thinking of yesterday?
Hesitation and confusion are ascending your facial features.
I can't bear your silence any more.
Talk, do not be many-minded,
Talk, you're the decision maker and the boss.
I beg you, by the truly love and covenants,
Forget not what between us – the covenants.
You could be at loggerheads with me
Or you could punish me,
Regarding things I have no hand on,
But I accept not your doubt about my fidelity.
O my sweet heart,
Let not doubt have a place in your heart,
Strangle not our love by your own hands,
Get out of your dreadful silence,
And forget what happened in that day.
Bother not nor care;
What days might us bring,
Think only of love and harmony,
And forget what befalls on us from grief and pain.
My eagerness leads me to you,
Be merciful and stretch your hand for me.

48.

Lover's Confessions

By Ali el-Muhammad (Syria)

I want you to be a coat for my winter,
For freezing winter that overwhelming me.
Frost, frost,
All around me,
And you're the wood of winter,
And a flower withering away in my eyes.

My eagerness takes me to you, o woman of madness,
Charms hold me and so does its damned sigh.
Nothing remains from all my breaths
But moans distributed to your neck
Like a Lantern of the night before it was choked by pallor,
And extinguished by a merciless wind.

Shall I wait your voice or my death?
Oh coat of the wind,
And the murmur of dejected blood
That flows in the veins.

49.

Be My Friend

By Sau'ad el-Sabah (Kuwait)

It would be nice if we remained friends
Every woman occasionally needs a friend's palm
And sweet words to hear

Be my friend
I occasionally need to walk on the grass with you
I occasionally need to read a poetry book with you
And I -as a woman- it delights me to hear you

Be my friend
I am desperately in need of a peaceful harbor
As I am so weary of love stories and the news of passion
And so weary of that era which considers woman a marble statue

50.

Praying for Fatima's Morn

By Omar Alwi Nasna (Morocco)

This morn wakes up slowly,
Unfastens the fitness pocket of his coat.
Thus the butterflies of heart fly;
All the beasts of the soul run.
This morn drips wine;
All the plants of the heart intoxicate.
They reveal their charms to the light
And divulge to the breast of dawn.

This full morn remembers well,
How the secret is revealed to Fatima,
And how the universe is inscribed on her lust,
As the sea teaches her the names...

This morn preserves for her
All the pigeons the mouth,
And sends her breast a wild horse,
Hence are open all the realms of poetry
All the burnt cities by tears,
And all the temptations of flowers.

51.

Questions Outside Class

By Majid el-Barghouthi (Palestine)

The Tank

Who negotiates with the speckled tank?

Bowing

Bowing before Satan is Moderation!

Ha. Do Muslims say so....More so. Perfection it is called?

Honesty's opinion? What? I ask

Democracy and We

If someone like *Abu Sufian* forms a political opposition party,
Will we live and enjoy democracy?

Peace

Does it exist except in the dictionary?

My Father

Why did not life stop

When my father died?

The Sun of Day

What will remain in the range

If the Day Star disappears?

Before the Beginning

In the beginning was the word

Was silence before the beginning?

52.

Various Faces

By Lobna Almanusi (Morocco)

Lisa:

I know that your cello
Is bored by repeating the same tune.
The black butterflies
Strike you with more light.
True.
Your white dresses constricted
Your thinking too un-constricted..!
When fingers spread
Their snails
Unto your indoor spindle.
I know it is necessary
For you to loiter in between the seams
Morsel led by the secrets,
Tossed by the days
Without getting her feet involved
In the game of their invisible gardens.

Lisa:

I know the raw sky
Is like an orange of our coming autumn.
It is still in the correlation
Waiting our scents
And the color of our old desires

Edith:

It is not necessary
That the lights of harbors look like us.
We only need music
That can go beyond.
The membrane of the ocean
Rolled Under our fibers.
We need other solar transformations
Under the item
So that sands may not mingle with us
And smear the universe
With female's summing-up,
Suitable for creatures,
To interact with,
Coming only from direction of the head.

“Farrukh”

Alone, the empty sound
Of the Highlights of the curse
Is cruising the Cups of night
With no a hat,
With no a female,
Or
A handful of darkness,
Down he falls
Down

53.

To the Poetess "Scent me!"

By Said Kan (Libya)

Scent me!
For I need some
Of the spray of jasmines.
Sprinkle the fragrance of
Daisies
Around me!
Besiege me!
Transform the poems to clouds of nectar
Around me,
And shower me..!
I heard so much poetry,
But
Not as sweet as hearing you.
You turn the letter into a perfume
When it comes out from your lips.
So pardon me!
I am the mad of poetry.
Then accept
My madness...!

54.

Spaces

By Mohammed Shadi Keskin (Syria)

Here I am,
Your vision haunts me.
Alone, like an enigma,
I watch through my window
Spaces,
And walls besieging me.
Thus I close my eyes with no my lashes,
Awake with no a moon,
Depart with no journey...

I write to you my sighs
Upon the hymn of sleeplessness
With the ink of my tears
That is my worry.
That is my messenger:
So, take
the lineaments of the sorrow of my drowning.
Take away my despair, take away my vain,
And whatsoever dirt myself has.
Take me like a melody
On the swing of destiny.
I pass the avenue
With no foot,
No step,
No travel...!
I, along with the age of universe, my age be.
My ambition towards you is eternity;
Does my eternity have no trace...?

I am the moments of those who died without a reason,
And lived without a purpose.
Time and I are in war.
What I blame my age for,
Unless it increases sleeplessness,
Unless I live in danger.
I wake on pain,
And slumber not without pain.
I am billion dilemmas;
The universe's illusion is one side,
The hell of my concern is on the other side.
Fire and I are in my pulse,
Life with no Void.
I am so acquainted with life's misfortunes.
They do not make my foot quaver...!
Then how comes now the Leech of time
Asks me,
What my illness was,
Do I bestrew my wounds
My spaces?

Will I tell him about the past,
About the memory I live for?
Will I tell him
That I am a string with no playing.

An error with no apology.
In my rebellion, I am a wrath
That touches in secret my weakness.
My wound and I are in my fate.
I always gather
My bleeding
But when my traveling to you
Comes,
Be sure,
I will scream o my self ...enough!
I inundated with blood my history,
And tore my times,
And saluted farewell my mates to their graves,
While I force my tear to hide.
And this soul?
In my palm hand
I will Yell: O my self... Enough...!

55.

Image's Mirrors

By Layila Ibrahim (Saudi Arabia)

I beg the darkness of the night,
And slumber.

The moon's light is pecking
At my fantasy,
Thus the image drips.

To the image, a glow that ignites the fire of emotions
To the mirrors of image, a glisten of light.

In the image,
You, a meadow of roses,
Your perfume, I...

To the image, the softness of the breeze,
And the chirp of dew.

A Legendary Princess is that image
As wearing the diamond of ecstasy

Night sprinkles the attar of its soul for the image's neigh,
Enrapturing the stars, as the galaxy celebrates
The melody
Of the charming image.

Dawn grows in the night's heart,
Its fruits pour down,
And light ascends the forehead of the range and transcends
Wakefulness extinguishes, thus the image blurs.

56.
Strangers

By Muhammed el-Muaghout (Syria)

Our tombs are dark on the hill
And the night is falling into the valley
Moving between snow and trenches
And my father returns murdered on his golden horse.
From his feeble chest,
Rises the cough of the frosts
And the rustle of the broken wheels
And the lost groan among the rocks
Chanting a new song for the lost man...
For the blond children and the dead cattle on the rocky bank

Oh Broken mounts by snow and rocks,
Oh river that accompanies my father in his expatriation,
Let me extinguish like a candle before the wind
Writhe like water around the ship.
For lo! Pain spreads its treacherous wing
And the hanging death on the horse's waist,
Penetrates into my chest like a glimpse of an adolescent girl
Like the sigh of the severe wind.

57.

Between You and I

By Ibrahim el-Kahwaji (Morocco)

Between you and me

Between you and me, the God,
And the flowers of September,
And brochures for the anniversary,
And chalk of dreams,
And faces inhabiting memory
Stretching out
My temptations in your eyes,
And the cities of your grief...

Women from Ashes

For the hands of chalk and bread
This anthem,
For the beautiful the forgotten between the flowers.
Your day comes weary:
A day that that you bury in a day.
Suffering enshrouds your heart in ashes
Then the Sunday the calm has come.

The Bird that doesn't Talk to me

Before you rise as a shining body in my sky,
I used to watch it,
Waiting ignites in a tragedy,
Death touring near me...!

58.

A Moon on the Sidewalks of the Dejected

By Rifky Asaf (Jordan)

The space constricts me
And night looses breezes from its locks that never sleep.
In summer dreams gulls are the size of the memory of the spars and the sail...
As for the sun is kohl in the eye ...and expatriation surging with its gray shadow
On the thresholds.
Perfume that blended with fondness, if you know,
Has no pride.
The pavements are cold where the good ones gallivant
Death is pure, preserving vagina, protecting rain from the Narcissus slips
The Closed doors are homelands that have the color of groans of the transients
In the narrow streets
And Amman drinks its exhaustion at the door of an old bar in Al -Wabideh Mount

We were walking,
And Allah loved us...
We were carrying the wall on our shoulders to take refuge from the springs of
perfume which hailed us
To execute the supreme virtue...
The poor were passing by under the trees
Bowing their statures
And saluting others...

Peace on the books lying on the floor, sick after they had forgotten their titles.
Conjunctivitis eats the eye of the stand's owner who has not slept since a minaret
passed by
Who echoed, from behind, the Lord's name
Who exalted His name

In *Raghadan* main bus station
So many dead ones died..

The barefooted ones were scurrying over the hot asphalt
And sleeping on the same cold pavement
And wrapping themselves in a newspaper hardly they cared about its name
Or the news about Byzantine that fell because the monks were asking for the
gender of the angels
Or the news of Nebuchadnezzar
Or Cyrus or Ahmadinejad or Wane Rooney
Or the sand where the naked women from a different place sleep as the sun is no
longer for free

The cafes are
Selling sleep
The same of price of the cup of flavored tea
That chills like the cold blood in the veins
Before the lad took to drink it, he had embraced the black -pale bag like his soul
Which is full of metal and human's limbs collected from gazes brimful of
arrogance
And the Jeans- Buttocks
The sea is not blue
This is another lie
Color is but the reflection of the sky ... and the refraction of light ..
And the breaking of the sad hearts at the doors of the hotels that have monopolized
the beaches
And the Tears monopolized the salt
Here...
Even the seas die
The poor
Borrow a sea
A window
And a vast tomb
On a dull corner crowded with paces
Crowd has its solemnity
As ants have

You can not count the passersby nor can you scrutinize their faces
Nor can you perceive the reason why they appear one whose face keeps repeating
Why they are neither so...
Cloud has no friends
Because the short friendship doesn't last
It disappears in the sad memory of cello phones which thrown in worn pockets...
Disappears in a form of weeping in the bosoms of those who can not keep a
memory in their pockets save that of food
And they roam the asphalt embellished with roses, embroidered with tires of a
woman's car which shouldn't run on earth...
The night was betraying my image in the mirror
As was my voice in the echo of the corridors
The night was deluding the curtains' ghosts into believing that heart is as white as
a flock of white pigeons

At the door of the city
The prophets stood in the queue of Deportees and departed

59.

Allah

By Mustafa Murad (Palestine)

You are always with me,
Guarding my weary forehead,
And my days that are smashed by my doubts
On the wings of question.

Oh God,
You planted me in
The Four Directions...!

Crucified without angles,
While the borders were overflowing, overflowing,
You said:
Come forward ...or talk...!

The horizons are closed gates,
And the bottom is an abyss
Beyond reach.

I know you in my denial,
Running to you with my recklessness.

Oh God,
In the misery of the wandering truth
I behold you...!

In the torment of experience,
I heard you
A whisper
With stunned breaths
Dripping in my dumb ear-shots
A light melting in my eyes,
A river of longing and yearning,
Gathering me,
Gathering my things and pieces,
Guarding
My scattered paces,
And weary forehead...

Oh God,
I did not bow
Nor did I grieve
As long as does a pulse still beat in me,
Telling my pulse:
Grieve not nor be afflicted
God is with us....!

60.

I write

By Sulaf Abbas (Tunisia)

I write because writing is not an amulet
I write so that earth will not cleave and swallow me
I write while the tree is rooting
I write in senility and in anticipation
I write because no one can prevent me writing
I write before getting blind
I write because I feel pity for clerks
I write in order to be closer or farther
I write so that I won't give up hope
I write with them
I write because I like papers
I write because I loathe words
I write when the nights ends
I write so that I may get rid of the hell of writing
I write as I refuse myth and magic
I write so that I may possess all the words
I write as I am helpless before death
I write so that others will read me
I write so that I may hide words and create other words
I write hoping to leap into emptiness
I write as I want to find a solution for death
I write to the alive
I write as I am afraid
I write because I can not stop writing
I write so that I may love myself and others
I write and overlook the gap
I write and think
I write at all the musical times
I write in loneliness
I write the night
I write for writing
I write because writing is a dream
I write as writing is something of no avail
I write as I reject fate
I write as words oppress me

I write because I start to fear loneliness
I write because I am against rationalism
I write so that I may live
I write because I am most of the times silent
I write then I laugh so much
I write because I am alive
I write as writing the only reaction that makes me realize that I 'm free
I write so that I may get rid of my being
I write so that I may not go insane
I write because I like words
I write because I am in hurry and I have no time
I write because I like books
I write against them
I write while I am in history
I write while I am jumping into the emptiness
I write against your will
I write after lifting the hawser
I write so that I may look for something which doesn't exist
I write while I am threatened
I write as long as the war still goes on
I write so that I go astray
I write while words are escaping from me
I write because I am neither goods nor considered only shameful genitals
I write because I am in the maze
I write with black ink
I write, write so that I can ignite the fire
I write in the morning
I write under loss
I write till the sun rises
I write as writing is a reaction which is not ruled by necessity
I write as I am against all kinds of Authority
I write since writing is not sacred
I write along with death
I write the desire not its subject
I write after reading
I write my disagreement
I write so that I may play
I write because I'm deviant
I write and I do not want to defend the man as he is not weak
I write so that I may not be like her
I write so that I may not commit suicide
I write while all this space is before me

61.

Émigré

By Reem el-Ban (Yemen)

I am an Arab who was torn apart by my Arabism.
My homeland tore my national identity,
And changed my personal profile
From a good citizen
To a tourist- nothing more.

I return to my homeland,
Embrace its choppy waves like my feelings,
Deep like my sorrow,
I shake my hand with its clear sky like my childhood.

My homeland did not discern me.
It instilled its index finger in my wounds inflamed with compassion till
Hemorrhage.
Miserable, I left it.
It is no longer a homeland
Nor am I a good citizen.
I left with one saying in my head which I keep repeating:
If your home constricts you,
The world will not be too wide for you to have in!

62.

Scenes

By Fatima el-Hamzawi (Tunisia)

The First Scene

The curtain is lifted up,
His face scintillates
In her palm hand,
Luscious as dream
Hot as her breaths.
Thus her eyes are washed with light
And cherry germinates
On the lips.

.....

She pulls the quilt of his voice to her shoulders
And dreams...

The Second Scene

The paces rupture
Slowly
On the asphalt,
The fragments injure
The flesh of oblivion.
Far away, far away she keeps on going.
She treads on the clamor of the sand
With her weary feet,
And feeds night
The crumbs of the tale,
And before the wave shows its jaws,
She dives in the Moon's face
And keeps on dreaming....!

The Third Scene

On the other bank,
The arrogant fate sits brashly,
Listening to the whisper of the branches
And the gossip of the hopes...
He abrades his fingers,
Cracking them,
Then goes quite
For awhile....

The Last Scene

Behind silence (as a caravan in procession)
(A woman's cloister hooded) in black is swinging.

...

Tonight,
Roses will be wedded
To seasons they do not like.
They leave their dreams
On the threshold of dawn,
And move ahead without any tears.

...

The curtain goes down
And after clapping,
She remembers
She was dreaming...!

63.

The Two Green Eyes

By Amel Donkol (Egypt)

The two green eyes
Are two fans
In the halls of the hot summer
Two traveling songs
Sailed from the shepherds' flutes
With fragrance of compassion
With the condolences of the gods of light to the cities of grief
For two years
I have building a love boat
With two sails from longing extending from it
So that I might sail
The two clear eyes
To the coral isles
How sweet the wave gets disturbed
Thus the eyelids close
While I am searching for an oar
For a faith

64.

The Mirror

By Munir Awald el-Jilali (Morocco)

You sit lonely
Like silent roads on the night of war.
Without attention from you,
You are delivering the facing mirror to the Dawn.
Butterflies of an ancient man are a coffin of king who has finally reaches the river.
Horses set out in haste like the bleeding of an orange,
The beats of drums and dead,
injured men like the clouds and the bells like butterflies run inside the horses that
run inside the coffin
that runs inside the bed that runs in the mirror.
The mirror once again,
The soldiers are firing at La Giaconda
Only the river
Smiles....

65.

Not Very Sad Poems

By Izzet el-Tiri (Egypt)

The sterile man
Beats his wife every day
while the wife cries every day
Like children...

A barren woman
Nourishes the husband her breast
And says to him:
Sleep, oh my baby, my darling...!

The sterile man
Fills the house
With dolls, and swings and candy
For his wife...!

The blind man got bored of his stick,
Dreaming of a woman
To lean on every morning,
And to have other interests at night.

If my mother had rejected my father's desire
Or given him excuses that night,
I would not have come...!

The poet owns many a house of verses
but none of bricks
She sits at the library,
Drinking hot verses,
And I drink tea
So that I may read what she drinks...

He descended
to listen
To the music of the river
But it made him drown...!

66.

Abdel Halim Hafez

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

Tawny Nightingale,
King of romance
You depart...
You depart to eternity
We stay in this chaotic misery...

O Tawny Nightingale
The voice of humanity
Voice of mutiny
Voice of dreams
Voice of love and freedom
Voice of god on earth
You depart
You depart to eternity
We stay in this chaotic misery...

O Tawny Nightingale
King of romance
You depart...
Songs were dull before you
And now they are dead after you.

O Tawny Nightingale,
You depart...
The Nile nymphs commit suicide..
Habi is insane, breaking the water harps...
Shepherds abandon the sheep
Roses wither away
Lost their delicate scents...
Robins, starlings, canaries depart..
Weeping,
Mourning the departure of their king ...

O Tawny Nightingale,
King of romance
You depart...
O Tawny Nightingale,
Will it be life without songs...?!

“Life is very sweet when wrapped in love”

Munir Mezyed

67.

The Chess

By Hassan el-Raey (Syria)

Perhaps,
If the Rook retreated one square,
The king would be disclosed.

The knight kicked the chest of a hurry Pawn.
The Bishop stretched out a trunk burdened with hate,
Knocking down Knights worn out by traveling
And like a lighting arrow...
The Queen made a hole in the Bishop's belly glutted with corpses.
But a coward Pawn
Pushed the Queen to a pool of blood.
Thus the Queen died of suffocation, without knowing the truth.

In a colorless square,
There was a colorless angel sitting,
Planting a colorless rose.
He did not care about all that blackness which kings left behind
Nor did he care about all that whiteness which witty hurrah drawled
He did not care about any thing that was happening in the silly plot of death.

When the game was over
The angel said without any surprise,
"As usual, they all mated...!"

68.

The Cup of Secret

By Nasir Badwan (Jordan)

The tune descends as a revelation.
O poet's heart, how much could you bear?
O poet's heart, how much do you show patience?
In this leeway of fugitive time,
The moment flows from your palm hand.
Thus, Go with the writhe of your grief
Till the depths of the Scene...!
Stand still and contemplate...!
O poet's heart, how much do you show patience?
O the Cup of Secret,
Savor lusciously the secret...!
O the Cup of Secret, reveal what so ever you desire...!
O the Cup of Secret,
This is chatters' thirst,
And your water is sweet and pure...
Thus pour from your spring
to wet the lips of the thirsty ones...
And play your tune
To shake the souls.
O Bulbul,
The chirper,
The dawn is near
And so it is time
For you to play your tune
On the strings of the Sun's ray...!
Whisper,
O Secret of whispering,
And injure
The harp of this silence,
Injure
And let the tune go high...!

69.

Verse

By Hayat el-Rayis (Tunisia)

Then it comes out mad because of ecstasy

Lightning penetrates through
The tresses of rain.
Then it comes out
Mad
Because of the ecstasy.

Lightning escapes
From the rain
In every direction,
Fearing wetness.

Stars and the rain drops scatter
On the chest of the sky
To stud its scarf
Whenever they are inflicted by awareness
And boredom.

The Moon leans
On the brink of its balcony
And inquires:
How can
The needle of rain
Weave
All this lacework
In the darkness...?

The water wakes up
As a stranger
In the sky.
Thus it pours down eagerly
Over the chest
Of the grass.

Rain
Rolls
High and drunk
As it turns back
To the womb...

Rain sheds
Runnels,
Engraving a tattoo
On a face
Of its female

Rain surprises
Earth
With its forgotten femininity

Only rain
Raises
The shiver
Of the earth...!

Because of the hardness of expatriation,
Rain escapes
From heaven
To the earth...!

Thunder is the cry of rain
When it leaves
The womb
Of a cloud...!

The grass got bored
Of laying
Under the sun.
It longs to be enfolded
In a cloud...!
If could.

70.

I Love you More!

Hassan Hegazy (Egypt)

It does not matter
If your hair is black
Or white
It does not matter !
It does not matter
If your face is black
or white
It does not matter!

It dos not matter
If your perfume
is cheap or expensive
It does not matter!

It does not matter
if your body is soft or
hard
It does not matter!

It does not matter
If you are a princess
On luxury lives
It does not matter!

It does not matter
If you are poor
Shy from people's eyes
It does not matter!

What is important to me
Is that you are only
For me
And I love you more
And your love is
Gift from God!
Truly
I love you more
I love you more!!

71.

Venus

By Muhammad el-Manori (Morocco)

Venus was resurrected
From her gracious appeal
To see this beauty
Which enralls my feelings...

She came to congratulate me
On the heart's tender love.
She came to share with me
The stylish wedding of coquetry.
She returned with the antique rose of life
In her hand.

72.

In Brief

By Ahmad el-Attar (Morocco)

In my expatriation
An existence, sleeping
In my night
Bitter coffee

In your eyes
An echo and
Talk Remnant
And some lust....

73.

Your Laugh

By Lubna el-Shalabi (Palestine)

A light is glowing in my body,
Towering with pride like the joy.
Beacon lights my ancient grief,
When your absence guides me to you.
I need it as air
Whenever my heart beats with life.
I long for its musical tune
When I heed my loneliness
In the luminous darkness.
A safety, your laugh, a spark
Increasing my confidence in this chaotic,
Illustrious on the Earth's surface..!

74.

Nadeta

By Munir Awald el-Jilali (Morocco)

Because of her overabundance of sensitivity
Whenever she loves a bird, she hides it in her eye...
One evening
The bird forgot its wing
And flew away with her eyes
Thus who is the victim
The woman who loves by her wings
Or the bird that fight

75.

The Trembles of Fingers

By Nawal el-Salih (Morocco)

Go and leave behind you little of the bread's crumbs,
And sleep on a pillow that knows no shame...!
For the evening chants, I pray.
None hears the sound of water
Only few effects of your neck-tie,
Small picture sleeping bare footed,
The gas vial hailing victory for Toothbrush.
For ever are the robes of laundry dirty;
Enough from a tale of an old woman who narrates the story of her rebelling
sparrows,
Fugitive with the meaningless news of newspapers.
Only the minister knows his clothes racks.
He stands hanged with his empty face.
The Street of adjourned death is awaiting its shirt's buttons,
And the woman with her elegant purse waiting for Godot.
Psychiatric asylum is not far from here, oh princess of death, it is i n postponed
Street.
The wall-man is a homeland without an anthem,
A dog without a name licking the face of the bag.
It seems it is walking without feet somewhere,
The way of return,
The memory of the non-return!

76.

The Precursors of Death

By Faisal Abdul Wahab Haider (Iraq)

At a time passed away,
I came near the lips of fire...
I kissed the lips of fire.
Thus I was burnt without ashes...

At a time passed away,
I slew my father
Because
I inherited grief from him
And a ramshackle house...

My beloved came
Lamenting me with no tears.
I said to her:
"How? I am still alive; I don't die."
She said,
"You had died before you came to living a thousand years ago "

77.

A Sunrise Train

By Ahmed Fadl Shabloul (Egypt)

Not river
What I see now in my house
But remnants of memories
Tottering
In tranquility
Like lime stones
Crawling
Into
The breast's flood
Then they are forgotten under the feet of the years
They always run around me
And before me
They see me crouching in the corner, telling
About ends of gleam
About my friends and wind
About my sea and sail
When I was
The sailor of this wave
The un-tabooed tune
When I used to travel
To castles and fortresses and minarets
Then I returned
Like a date-palm
Shaken by longing to the ancestors' dates
This is how I used to come back
Smashing up all the borders
Brilliant like the day time
And great like a mount
Stubborn like bitterness
Compassionate Like my mother

78.

Star 's Candlestick

By Assma Garib (Morocco)

In a sad room,
Dark and cold,
Gather around a rectangular table
A star and two kings...
From the land of Wales, Queen
From the Roman's Empire, King
And from the Promised Land, awaiting steroid.

In the sad room,
Valleys of blood run from the Star's tresses,
And from its eyes, rivers of tears explode to flood
And the two Kings are warped in terrible silence.
They all gaze at a strange Candlestick
Of three columns of copper
Instilled in them three extinguished candles....

Into the cold room,
A strange women enters silently.
She believes in Allah, The One,
And the religion of the prophet Ahmed.
She greets the steroid,
Wipes out its tear,
And touches the strange Candlestick.

In the dark room and between the hands of the strange woman,
The Candlestick turns to be Cross of Gold.
Its head is crowned with a luminous candle.
The shooting star smiles,
The Roman King's heart breaks,
The Queen of Wales Cries.
Thus the room Glows with Divine and Glamour.

79.

Laws

By Bahija Masri Adalbi (Syria)

I am a woman
With distant dreams,
And in my soul
Stubborn laws.
Poetry melts
From the eyelashes of my spirit
And my revealing.

In love he disembarked his tides.
You are my distances,
And the ink of my voice,
And the secret
In the poem's revealing.

My image made you
A mirror of myself .
If the range one day went astray
In its border,
I'd carry you in my blood,
A Deep secret
So that my mortal heart would realize
Its immortality .

I kneaded the silence
From the mud,
My awaiting,
And from my fire
I kneaded fled visions.
I intruded water
In the exile of my tears
So that love might sum up its anthem
To my propinquity,
And throw around my secrets
An appeal,
and hide his prostration
In the range of my secret

80.

Pouring

By Ali Zahrani (Saudi Arabia)

You pile in my lap
Like the pouring rain,
A dream after a lost dream.

O She-child of the rain,
Submerged in absence,
Within me overabundance sensations
Aspiring to embrace you,
Within me an anguish of yearning
Breaking lover's heart
Torn by distances.
So near and attached to me,
Far way like the distances of ocean,
That I love you is a must I must.
It is not my concern who chooses.

To you, I handed my heart
With you, I loved death and sailing,
Take me
Send not my heart back...

81.

Who are You...!

By Hadia el-Abdullah (Lebanon)

Who are you,
To make my little poem tremble whenever your name is mentioned...
Craving beaming
To make my little poem carry you over where the soul draws a s mile.

Who are you...!
Time takes you suddenly
From subsided absence,
Placing you in the boxes of my age
Provision of waiting.

Who are you...!
You come to me as a poke,
Gathering me from the remnant of my evening a morning
Where you are in it,
And instilling me over your gaps
A sip
And then you disappear.

Who are you...who!
To run riot through my blood
An amorphous pain,
Streamlining into the vein of remoteness
As loneliness,
Whenever the gleam of your eyes
Disappears from my time.

Who are you...!
Time without you a chilly frost
Silence is howling in my volcano
And your departure
Coldness and fire.

82.

The Sweetest Poems

By Muhammad Ali Hani (Tunisia)

This is my Blood
Extracting a sword
Of flame
And Shouting
At the face of poems
And speeches:
The child of the stones alone
The sweetest Poems jotted down...!

83.

If only the Boy had been a Stone

By Ali el-Jallawi (Bahrain)

She used to say to her shadow
The patient who is in the bed of alphabets
Gives the apple different meaning
She was saying
While I was searching for my hand in her bosom
She hid the face of God between two songs
Oh God
When she walked she would confuse the children in my heart
And she would, by the conversation's details,
Once again make the apples the victims, heading for the meaning
She accused the metaphor of being a boy
"If only the boy had been a stone."
And I...was just myself
I tried to be like others
Clearly, or with faded steps
Grasping his shadow by its leg
And again tuning the violin, your blouse
Then he tried me
But I was just myself....Myself
I possess a parchment boat, pushing it against the river of time
While my collar is turned upside down and I return from myself

And I have the doubt the violet
When it climbs the stairs of walls
And throws the poem between the woman's breasts

In order to be reassured of the words,
Of the details – I think they are insignificant like me –
Like the position of the button on the breast
The colour of your hand's discussion
As the size of two moons in the water of the body

She was saying
And sparrows gathered on my lips
A stone on my heart
And if only the girl could send back the trees from her dress
A stone on my heart
"If only the boy had been a stone

84.

I Will not Cry

By Fadwa Tokan (Palestine)

(Translated by Batoul Ahmed)

O beloveds, On *Yafa's* doors
In disorder of destroyed buildings
Between filling up with earth and thorns
I stood up and said to my eyes:
Stand up with me and Cry
On the ruins of people who leave it alone
Calling those who built it
Censuring those who built it

And the heartbroken with groan
The heart said: O house, what happened?
Did the days change you?
And where were the people who live here?
Did you get any news after their quit?
Did you?

They were here
They had dreamt here
They had drawn here
Their coming projects

Where is the dream and where is the future
Where are they?
The destroyed building has kept silent
Only their absence is talking there
And the silent of silent with abandon talking too
There were a group of owls and ghosts
He was a stranger by all means
He was... he was
Hovering around,
And spread his lineage in it
He was who ordering and preventing there
He was... he was
The heart fills of sorrows

O beloveds..

I wiped from eyelids the misty gray tears
To meet you and my eyes fill of gleam love and faith
By you, by earth and by human

How it would be shamed if I would meet you,
And my eyelid trembled and moistened!
With hopeless heart and disappointed!

O my beloveds, I am here with you
To take a firebrand from you
To get a power from your big light
To my light

From here, my beloveds
I am trying to hold your hands
And beside your heads, I want to put my head
To arise my forehead with you to the sun
O beloveds, you are like our mountains rocks act strongly
And like our homeland flowers act smoothly
How could the hurt crush me?
How could the hopeless crush me?
And how could I cry in front of you?
I swear, after this day I will not cry!

85.

The Mermaid of All Ages

By Subhi Niall (Syria)

O my darling, if you possessed
Remnant of my madness
And some of my arts,
History would change the painting of sorrows,
And build palaces of coral stones for me.
You, my darling,
Are the mermaid of all ages,
A jewel of rubies
In the shore of oblivion.

If you build palaces,
If you bestrew flowers,
You will always, my love, be
Openhanded
Like water to the thirsty.

As you, my darling,
Are the mermaid of all ages.
And you, my love,
Are the anthem of time.
And you, my life,
The remnant from dreams,
And human's vision.
Your fragrance will remain.
My companion regardless to what happened...
And your eyes, my love,
The muse of Melodies..!

86.

Dreams' Thieves

By Youssef el-Harbi (Saudi Arabia)

Threads of dreams,
And two creeks,
And an age is swinging
Between
The dewdrops of memory
And echoes of words that know not how to cheat
The circle of loneliness
Whose center beats with longing
Is housed by the misery of silence
And crowd of tears..

O princess of hearts,
Life so constricted with her yearning
So fraught with
Boundaries and handcuffs,
In space hopes glow,
And in the heart
A gasp rages
With past Interactions
Upon the burning of the eyelashes of remembering...

Princess of hearts
Lifts up the side of her fear,
Reveals her hopes,
And engages in the swarm of thinking,
Reeling
Seeking refuge in the banks of visions,
Filling life's emptiness with dreams.

Princess of dream
sways her eyelashes on
The features of the place.
Thus her depths are fraught with light.
In it, she spreads the torment of dreams.
Her ghost appears as a vision
Figuring out ...disappearing
Like the Sun in winter,
Tampering with daylight,
As it awaits it for long
Till the awaiting become gray
Like glittering stream,
And sparrows plead for it in their nests,
Glide towards it,
And depart with ecstasy of love,
Passing the veneer of grief,
The fence of tears.
They draw near
With arms wild open
To the gift of fate and its grace.
The hand of the day stretches
To choke the dream candle,
Lifts up,
Bringing it back again to the streets of life.
It was a dream.... Just a dream...!

87.

To a Brunette

By Lutfi Zaghlul (Palestine)

O brunette, the night is jealous of your eyes,
Of your hair.
Roses and Nasrin , the basil are jealous of your fragrance.
The magic is jealous
When you owned all the charm from your appalling.
Each vineyard is jealous of the sweet honey of your mouth.
Every enquirer is wondering what's the secret of your secret?
Mind is confused in your matter ... Mind is confused in your matter
In your eyes,
You got something not found in any one else but you.
I came to you
Explaining my longings
Thus embrace me close to your bosom
O belle, I believe in your extraordinary beauty
The moon and the sun are under your command
I loved being captive
The day when I become, O brunette, your captive
I am an old sailor but I drowned in your sea
Tell me, O brunette,
After all these longings
Am I still in your mind?
I a faithful
But I am really afraid of your disloyalty
May Allah bestow upon you long live
May Allah bestow upon you long live

88.

The Arrows of Secrets

By Layila Ibrahim (Saudi Arabia)

Our secrets are
Pearls hidden in the heart's shell,
Tunes inhabiting between the strings of voice,
Milk hiding in the recesses of twigs of memory,
Round water droplets at the bottom of the hotbeds of spirit...
Our secrets are arrows
Jailed in the lobby of silence,
Slumbering in the eye's jar
Stuck in the intentions of talk.
Our secrets
Are
Sparrows living in our ribs?
When we weave for them the wing of voice,
They provoke the wind's fury,
And fly away...!

89.

I Flee from You to You

By Majida Abdel Nabi (Egypt)

In the falling threads of night,
Over my sleepy eyelashes,
I hid my memories,
And slumber over their pouring murmur
Like a river that never but runs and flows

There
I sail within myself,
Burning again
With every pulse glowing in the wall of fire,
And die again
With every letter which not born yet,

O you who robs me,
Steals me from my memory.
How can you be within me and form me
Even in the threads of night,
Which I flee from you to them.
I always see you there
Curling and wrapping them over my neck...
My Memories.

90.

Imbibe Myself

By Dalia el-Saleh (Syria)

I imbibe myself.
I feel I am deserted
Like shores inhabited by seclusion.
I never soar.
I only walked on the threads of illusion
To wed my nihility to golden bars..,

Expatriation is freedom,
Mellowed by suffocation in unknown areas of the soul.

O homeland is yearning..!
The waste of idiotic paper is
Wiggling before me.
The old expatriation lurking is
Between my ribs.

My falling breaths yearn,
Hoping illusion would pour
The seeds of rain...

I fall like pieces.
I quench my thirst from a bereaved land.
Strange, I am.
I imbibe myself.
My heart is on the window's edge,
Fear sagging from it.
I see my other body hallucinating.
My homeland is my first face.
My homeland is a cradle I inhale.

91.

Whisper

By Sha'ghia el-Sewidi (Oman)

You..! Did you savor the taste of loneliness?
Have you ever tasted this one day?
No.....! It is not a chocolate sold in the markets...
Ha, ha, ha, it seems that you never tasted
Loneliness, o you, means that you are all alone even they are around you...
But... although they are so many in numbers, they are few. Soon they will
disappear, becoming naught...

Do not, do not mock at my words and call me a philosopher..!
Do you know that they are all here but they do not perceive my solitude?
Solitude lives within the soul. None knows its meaning unless you suffer from...!
He has not been created yet who feels others wounds,
No matter how they try, they are still unable to comprehend your wound.
Your wound
Your pain
Your seclusion
Are so personal
Like your passport
Your name
Your identity card
Your style
So farewell...O you...!

92.

Very Short Poems

By Hussein bin Qurayn Alderm Shaky (Libya)

Mirror:

All the mirrors are concave
Except the mirror's face of my beloved.

Alienation:

He returned from exile, burdened with worries,
And found every one waiting him
But, soon he felt alienation...!

Grief:

He came out of his grief,
Dancing in joy.
Suddenly he remembered
That day was the birthday of his beloved.
Thus his grief became harder..!

Repentance:

To God I repent
For what I have done,
And plead for a mercy.
But I disbelieve in love
And err over my repentance ...

Sin:

In all my prayers,
I plead to god to forgive all my sins
Except the sin of loving you...!

Cuddle:

When ever he caresses her loosening hair,
Their souls intermingle ...

In Solitude:

In the sanctuary of your love,
I seek refuge,
Appealing for charity from your lips...!

Reverence:

All the sparrows of the world fly
Except my sparrows.
They crawl in honor and esteem for you.

Impossibility:

My freedom, madam, is to meet you in time when meeting was impossible...

Torment:

I am tormented and my breaths stop with every sunset that I do not see you...

Farewell:

He dreamt of her
And left her in Farewell before they had the chance to meet...

Embracing:

He stretched his hands to embrace her.
She came closer to him with her arms opened.
When her breaths got closer,
She faded and disappeared.
Thus he started embracing her spectrum and kissing her footsteps.

Intaglio:

Oh you who resides in the endosperm of memory,
Write me a poem,
And hang me on your bosom,
So that my love might be engraved on time wall...!

Wholesomeness:

Baptize me and by love purify me...!
If you were goddess,
I would worship you...

93.

Erasing

By Bila Muhammad Fadel (Sudan)

Because you are my closed friend
I erase you

You won't be an example of betrayal one day
Nor a companion to the ideal riffraff....

So, my friend, in such age
I erase you

I have tested you so many times
But I failed in turning you an everlasting comrade

For instance:
I revealed unto you my secrets, all fabricated!
You did not reveal them to any one
Your guilt is in the basic things
Thus you became idle

You never complained or groaned, help more and more
I have come to you with so many promises, all elastic ones
You showed but free release and too many a hand

I don't abhor you, my friend, because of your way.
But because in this unmanly age
It seems you are nobody

So for this reason, O my friend,
I erase you
With no regret at all

94.

Shorts Poems

By Adel Hadi el-Shihri (Saudi Arabia)

In Awaiting the Clouds

A date-palm
Rests
Under its shade.

Method

She opens her mouth
To draw kohl
Over the eyelashes.

What Should that Night Do

On the cheek
Of this pillow,
He unravels the boughs of his dreams
For an hour or two.
Thus he descends
Into the unawareness of sleeping.
Then he weaves them
For an hour or two
And wakes up,
Smiling to the morn.

95.

I Love You between Two Brackets

By Ayob el-Maliji (Morocco)

This evening,
Your hanging picture on the wall
Talked to me.
It revolted... cried.
I glanced on her cheek
A kiss that was your gift on valentine day.

Here I am saying
Your tresses made a blanket for us, how many times?
Your eyelashes plucked for us
So that I may buy a noon meal, how many times?
I befriended La Giaconda and her salty smile
How dizzy she makes me.

96.

Praying to the Sea

By Hassan Assai el-Sheikh (Syria)

Heavy
Like a could of grief
I come to you...

So wash my sins
Tear the purple shirt out of me
And baptize my sin with your salt...!

Oh Sea, O sea...!
Would you embrace a stranger who comes to you
With the yearning of horses,
Quelled where they are confiscated from them the Neigh
That canned in the shiver of extinguishment...?

To this coming great azure I celebrated
And arranged all my reckless dates
I stuffed all heart's pillows with pasture that hides the cloud's memory

Take me to you...!
You, the blessed...
Baptize my sin with your salt...O tide... O current... O wind... O sea
This is the time to reunite with water ...take me
Bring back the color of my face
And the shape of my fingers to be able to appoint accusation
They stole the soul's share from the surplus of burning
And inserted the heart's passion in the cave of ice

So take me to the passion of beginning
Renew my cells
You are the beginning
And you are the end....!

97.

Woman

By Abdul Basit Abu Bakr Mohamed (Libya)

Without prior notice of me she blooms...
Thus the missing details steal me.
In the depth of heart,
A woman comes into flower
Whom the eyes never browse...
She never opens her heart
To the fervor of love,
Extending in dream till
The boundaries of tremble...
She is as present as the presence of secret
In the one's heart.
A woman robs the glow of time...
With her eyes,
She sews a pillow for time that never rusts...
At times she cherishes with silence,
And at the other times,
She darts the nights with questions
Thus blackness fads
And secretes, pouring down,
Are as Impressive, Harmonious,
As the heart's beats...

98.

Embarrassments of Attendance

By Fatima el-Hamzawi (Tunisia)

Aim your breaths at me
And bestow upon me your eyes
To derive my self from you
And follow the straight way

Oh you who is confused with my details
So that I may be filled by you....
Implant me in between your pulse and mine
So that my tresses may come into flower,
Sparkles of yearning
Between your fingers...
And I may stand up
On your palm hand
A sky without pillar...

99.

Munir Mezyed Sings to Baghdad

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

For you, O Baghdad
Nursing history and dreams
I pray
And sing...

Baghdad, a palm tree
Where all galaxies slumber in its evergreen leaves.
From your high heaven
Angels descend night and day
From your sacred soil
Prophets and martyrs do their ablution
From the water of Tigris and the Euphrates
All the fairies of Universe bath.

Oh Baghdad, the halo of the spirit!
In your grief, I am the pain,
And in your heart, I am the beat.
The contradictions hold you captive
In the perception of vision.
The autumn is rushing madly
Toward its end,
And birds are leaving their nests.

Useless to think,
To ask,
To regret,
Useless to contemplate,
To love,
And to grieve,
Life is an illusion,
A dream, dazzling the soul..

Oh Baghdad, the halo of the spirit!
Your voice is a naked woman,
Upon whose breasts I sleep,
Hearing a melody sung by a waterfall.
Your voice is a running stream, with two flows
Falling from an upper lip.

They meet
Then depart,
Thus I hear in your voice two women.
I wonder
Questioning
Has my grief been able to see
Or is your sorrow reflected by my spirit?
So they rebel,
Erupt,
And denounce.

Oh Baghdad, the halo of the spirit!
My solicitude,
Worries,
Soaring dream in the unseen,
Loves writhing,
And the spirit's tremors are present,
Revolting against boredom
To slay the nervous moments of burning,
Which has no fire or flame.

Oh Baghdad, the halo of the spirit!
Let your present die!
Let our dream rise from the glamour of tomorrow!
I am alive!
Behold! I burnt the shrouds of the past,
Placing my dreams in your eyes.
Baghdad,
I beheld you running on the walls of vision,
Like drops of light
Leaking from the Chamber of the Sun.

Oh Baghdad, the halo of the spirit!
Useless to think,
Useless to ask,
Useless to fall in love,

Life is but an illusion,
A dream, dazzling the soul.
Sail in the spirit
On the Sea of Divine
To reach the ultimate,
And live in god's bosom.
We lose naught,
If we are sailing on the Sea of Divine,
Have the angels' flute,
And God's voice,
The voice of truth

Baghdad,
In the shade of your eyes,
My dreams and desires slumber,
Stretch out your hand,
Take me to the Land of Palm,
Where palm tree is the Master of Eternity.

Ghost of love!
Your love will smash my clay body
Making the sculpture I am, a ghost,
A gleam,
For I am too weak from extirpation,
And grievous.....

Ah Baghdad,
You appear as though you came from a lonely realm,
A realm built with spots of shadow,
And swamps of darkness.
In this realm,
There are paintings inscribed by inspired fingers of the Mad.
They drew the dream
And the color of lust with its seven spectrums.

Ah Baghdad,
You seem as if you came from a lonely and strange realm
Appearing like the cold disk of the moon,
Fragile like an old trunk.
A Stranger
So excited yet baffled,
As though a queen overthrown,
Forced to abdicate her throne.

So grieve not, nor be afflicted!
Your enemies who were excited about their deceitful victory
Falling crushed
Oppressed under the Liberals slippers....
Ah Baghdad,
Soon the child will be full of youth,
Will meet you at the door,
And your waiting will be of no avail.
Thus this separation is a sea of mirage.

Ah Baghdad,
On the sands of my spirit's shores,
Where the endless reaching
Realm of water,
With all its islands and falls,
And Eternity abides,
There I stroll with my poesy
While planting its roses.

Ah Baghdad,
I am besieged by the colors of sunset,
Colors burnt upon a board of crystal.
Nothing means anything to me
Without your presence.
Even the rain does not seem to be romantic
Without your presence,
Nor cry of the sky,
Or kisses of the sun upon the lip of the earth.
Your presence is all the spectrums.

Ah Baghdad,
Your presence is a mellow wine
Causing me to feel the thirst of my soul,
And nothing can quench my thirst
But your presence.
Ghost of love!
On the ancient stony shore
We sat, while the mist invaded our souls.
Looking at your lips, I beheld the color of inferno
And youth danced upon them.

Ah Baghdad,
On the shores where sorrows grow

And trees of sins rise high,
Some stormy night a man will halt his proceeding,
You will descend.
A stranger you will be,
And silent,
With your eyes wide open,
You will speak without a voice
And laugh without reason.
While I remain on that stormy night,
Lord of the Land of Shadow,
The lord of greatest darkness.

Ah Baghdad,
Since yesterday,
Moments have passed by,
And hours too,
Even the wings of days have flown fast.
We lived these moments, hours and days
On the white ladders of heaven.
I made you the garden of my dream,
The stream of my emotions,
And land of my sins.

Baghdad,
My soul is still faithful to you
Like drunk bird
Enjoying in being with its mate in the nest
Chirping your name
On the branches of dreams.

“Anger, hate and greed are the triangle of evil”

Munir Mezyed

100.

Gaza is burning... We are starving

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

In Gaza

Alleys enwrapped with salt and blood,
Murdered dolls drink poison and ash,
And the moon is a slaughtered bird that flutters its wings over the cemeteries
Yells

Here in the alleys

The voices of Joseph's brothers are quarrelling
While Joseph is in the darkness of the well
Reciting verses of the slaughtered country
The wolf sharpens its canines
Tired of exhaustion and waiting

In Gaza

A crow caws in the camp
Licking the bark of blood's trees
Noah's pigeon on the ship mast
Dead
The ship crumbles
Sinking near the beach
A pack of wolfs are chasing Christ's sheep
And the shepherd sleeps in a whore's bed
What is left for death in Gaza...

O, death which is coming from the wheat stalks of our sorrow

I am your shadow

We sit on an unknown sky

Climb mountains of the dream and poles of fire

Only to come back to fight for a cane

O *Hashim*, you who are enveloped in a gown of oblivion

Arise and look

Do you see who this child is, the one crossing the blaze

Prostrating for an olive tree

That boasts in front of the wind

Flirting with the sun
The sun opens its mouth
Waiting to swallow the frost of silence

Here
The wheat stalks of the soul weave a face of a sad God
And a woman stands between fire and ice
Selling the eggs of dreams
And gathering Left-over poems
And the knight's songs

Sad are the poem's butterflies and the singing sparrows
As *Hashim's* Gaza is crushed between millstones
And Joseph's brothers are squabbling for a share

Anat turns her face towards a side of the night's mountains
Dragging *Ayel* by the hairs of his grey beard
Putting bread in the earth
And pollen in the soil
And calls upon Gaza's children

O, stubborn Gaza, you sleep alone under a sky of fire
I wish that you'd open the sleeve of your apparel
To release all the sparrows of harmony
My country is a boat in a fathomless sea
Abandoned by its sailors

Gaza
I will love you from faraway ...from a distance where the lips do not meet
Where the voice of the sky fades, ascending to the soul
The sea is no longer thunders or the waves whisper to the pebbles

Gaza
I am between the wind and nihilism
And I have advanced in years
The sword of hunger tears my ribs
We are delighted with the delusion and butter and we search for
Something we do not find
What is the worth of victory and defeat
If starvation surrounds us

“Oppression is the father of evil”

Munir Mezyed

101.

The Epic of Inferno & Muse

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

In the beginning it was the word
And the word became mournfulness
What shall I say...
Will poetry be enough
To soothe the madness of death
And halt this everlasting bleed...?

My sorrow is going insane,
And god is dead within my soul,
Whilst my soul becomes a coffin of smoke...
Thus I behold naught
But fire succeeding fire
And autumn following autumn....

I come out
Searching for a wheat stalk
Among this ruin
For a love poem
I find the sparrows of poetry
Sucking blood from the trees' breast...

A dove flies away from my weary soul
Hovering over the wrecked roofs
Hit by an arrow of anarchy...
Fluttering to the Sacred Thresholds
Rolling, bleeding to death...

We pass from wound to wound
Flee from massacre to massacre
As we are about to extinguish a fire
Another fire starts burning...
We carry the sun
Then why do the walls of darkness
And the columns of smoke enfold us....?

Oh Beirut, Forgive,
And blame me not...!
If I divorce my white dove,
Slaughter all the sparrows of poetry,
And disbelieve in every thing...

Oh Beirut,
My pain is the pain of Christ
On His awful cross...!
I persist in searching
For a path will lead me to the Caliph
But to no avail...!
Whilst the devils mock at me
Saying:
He is dead and saturated with death...!

Oh Beirut,
You are a mermaid
Copulating god day and night,
Casting her silver bracelets on the sand,
Loosing her tresses over the sea
Spraying her perfume over the poets' odes.
So why do we usurp viciously her virginity
And water her with blood and tears...?

Oh Beirut,
The sea nymphs are crucified
In an old palm trees
With birds their golden skulls
Smashed, hanged on the trunk....

Black water flows into the sacred soil
Fire
Burning the meadows of prophecy..
Whilst the hand of winds vandalizes
The garden of delight...

Ah! I wish my poesy
Had the power to shake the soul's leaves
And enliven the dead..
For lo! The hour of defeat is the hour of silence..!

Blessed is the poesy singing the sun..!
Blessed are the roses glittering in our souls
To shatter darkness
Growing in the cheeks of dawn
Watered with our blood...

Trickles of light are leaking calmly
Out of the chamber of the sun
Verses are shedding sadly
Out of the bleeding spirit...

Under the sky
The colors of inferno..
On the shores where sorrows grow
Olive trees are garnished with blood
Roses of love cast into the lake of fire
The sound of death is howling loudly
Like a wolf touched by insanity...

Blood in the birds' songs,
In the sliver brooks,
In the celestial shores,
Cry and mourn, O grievous soul..!
Blood and hatred
Are the new phrases of the book of mores.
For Lo! Wars are the language of the fools..

God's eyes are watching the flood,
Mocking at our idiocy.
For Lo! The hour of defeat is the hour of silence...!

By the word what they inscribe!
They are falsifiers.
They were born from poisons.
Their tales,
Their myths,
Are fraught with fire and smoke.

O Jerusalem!
Eternal is the night,
The night of the villains..
Once upon a time

Drunken Deity kidnapped the belle
From the meadows
And disappeared in the sea..
Thus the world beheld the light
Coming out from the land of Canaan...
Europa, Europa,
Grieve not , nor be afflicted,
Heaven is bashful from your tears,
And the drunken Deity is burying his disgrace ..
Trying again to capture the land of the sun..

O land of the sun..!
Every soul will pass away
But You will always remain the Muse...
For lo! I mourn not you
But mourning man and god.
The hour of defeat is the hour of silence..!

Streams of blood will flow
Into the scared soil,
Nourishing the violet roses,
So let the storm of poetry shake the tree
Blow the leaves of evil.
Behold, Poetry is the bread of the Poor,
The dreams of the rebels ...
And love will defeat the devil and Mot..!

O Jerusalem..!
Eternal is the night,
The night of the villains.

The sons of the devil in the wings of death
Challenging the almond and the olive trees..
Intoxicated with poisons of human serpents,
Gulping poisons from the children's skulls,
So joyfully they behold the blood
And Dance on the pipe of an elf,
Deafening the ears of heavens,
Filling the ether with cries and yells...

In heaven
The goddess of love cries:
I am dead..
And the belle is falling
In the belly of an evil whale...

O Jerusalem
Grieve not, nor be afflicted!
Eternal is the night
The night of the villains..!
Every tree narrates a tale
A tale of heroes who died as martyrs

O Jerusalem
Here
Since the beginning of creation
Under your sun
The angels of god have bathed
In the dew of the heavens
And in the fragrance of your soil...

O Jerusalem
Here
Christ was born
Here where he walked and dreamed
Here
Where he was crucified..
Eternal is the night
The night of the villains..!

Sing O *Fairouz*
Songs are the new divination
So let the world hear your songs
And wipe out the tears
from the eyes of the oppressed..
I could hear the bell ringing
Calling Christ to arise..!

“It's easy to make war, but hard to make peace”

Munir Mezyed

102.

Which Volcano Bestowing upon the Ice the Glow of Crystal...?

By Leila Nasimi (Morocco)

I am an exile within the word
I keep peeking through the hole of the letter
Darn the wounded idea
And sew my mouth with stitches of fear
I fear the anger of the verse
When its seeds fall down inadvertently
From a sack forgotten behind the ruined of memory

I go forward to the spring of question
I tour around the Primordial House of my certainty
And embrace my grief
After that I do not know
Which waterfall pouring its water unto me...insanity,
Which volcano bestowing upon the ice the glow of crystal...?

103.

Ceremonial

By Rehab Hussain el-Sa'egh (Iraq)

1

You and love are my philosophy
Thus others won't understand us.

2

In your sea I got lost
The wave handed me
To the realm of your face
Thus I drowned....

3

With your presence, going astray would be beautiful;
I wear the poets' sorrow
And slumber upon your eyelashes...

4

A cloud died of thirst
When the mirage tempted it
With leaving..

5

Love is a myth that makes me drunk
If I chase it, it will flee
And if I let it go, it tempts me.

6

He writhes
He writhes
Till every thread that links to himself
Ceased...

7

I knew love by searching
And I did not heed awareness but through
My solitude.

104.

The Psalms of Life & Eternity

By Nael Jaraba (Jordan)

1.

The flesh burdens you,
Makes you weary,
As it is made of clay...
To bear the soul's desire to emancipation means that
You ought to be ready to sets out.
Surely, the Aberrant will slay you
And sin will baptize you
Thus get burnt...!

2.

Close not the door,
As behind every door is the truth,
And windows are the resurrection of the way

3.

Flood is the lands of the barren Universe -
The souls' merchant...
And God is a lonely nomad
Who abandoned life
Then He reposed..

4.

God,
In the apex of our sins,
In the city streets
In the darkness of the soul,
Is lost...!

5.

From the mud of death
I will cleave into two pieces of clay
And from the Spirit
I will come to existence
I will be resurrected fuzzy hairs on the women's faces...
When they touch a breath of wind
They tremble.
They mention me
As a lust of two pieces which will never end
Thus I will declare:
I slew the flood
And implanted the mountains
And regretted that I have been recreated you twice .

6.

The Disciples are gone
Astray;
On my cross that stabbed with poems,
They laugh.

7.

Baptize me
So that I can be emancipated
Baptize me
As the soul is a butterfly hovering over the sin
When it touches your mad breast
It gets burnt..

8.

Burdened is the flesh
And soul is slapped by the winds
When it is about to fly
A thousand spikes
Pull it towards me.

9.

The clan is the swing of the fool
Slain by the wind
While the universe around it
Faints...
In the shivers of the city
The clan dies
While the fools keep
Prostrating
To heaven....

10.

Burning like the Universe's hearth at the day of sowing;
It kills if a seed cleaves from the trouble spot of the clan
From my ancestors' sins who erred with fear from the wine of life
The sin which is laid on Baal's face
Hides its femininity from all onlookers...
O life
Whisper not into the Earth
As the sand is the intoxication of the sins
And soul is caught between sand and mud
I know it
It tries to wake
From the sorrow of the wanderers...

11.

Arise
Be Ready
O city
It is the journey of the desperate drunkards
The last survivals from the flood
Carrying the sorrows of deserts...

12.

He is the face of the path
The face of the traveler
When I was walking in the darkness..
Universe is a wanderer woman
Skilled in the art of love for those who are passing by
The art of things
Skilled in how dryness of the soul
Can have a drop of water...

13.

On the street that is dissolved in time of rain
I see them as two lovers
She fumbles the pocket of her coat for her sliver hankie
He fumbles the pocket of his old coat
For a home where they can meet...

14.

From my grand mama's old sins
I beheld the poem
I beheld;
I would plant my dreams
And dreams of the shepherds
I beheld;
I would hunt the people
And the troubles of life
I beheld;
I was on my cross
And "*Anat*" would slay me...

15.

Slay not the sinners
But give them the bread of life
And allow me to read the book of sin
Surely, it is the poem.

16.

What worries me is the darkness of the light coming towards me
Burning me when I am caught between sand and mud
In the mounts of darkness
No one was there but me
And flock of doves...

17.

Cities cast me
Into the poem
The poem that written for a thousand years
Reshapes me
Useless
To try to make me Christ...!
The clay fascinates me
With the burning of desires
On a shore which is stormy with Blood slays the dreams of the birds
Useless I to try to wail
O *Anat*,
Place bread on the Earth
Fertilizer in the soil
And give the offering of the peace
So that you may awake him within me
Then repose I...

18.

Buddha reincarnates me:
The pain, the face of salvation,
Hunger and the soul's remedy
Traveling with my stick on my back
Nothing is there but the sorrows of deserts,
A poem and the tales of my sinner ancestors...
Traveling like the Sun Dancer,
As it touches me,
I burn...!
Mud melts from my flesh
I cleave in its light a seed of god
Thus the wanderers worship me..!

19.

The poem
Sets out from the soul's ache
A phoenix
Lifting me up as high as the sky..

20.

I have come not but
To destroy the divinity of the imposter wizards
To lead the revolt of the Old Testament
To cast my staff
So that all love poems will wiggle
Devouring all what they falsely claim...

105.

The Henna of Eternity

By Ghalia Ghouja (Syria)

There are symbols, dancing,
Neither can the trees imagine the shape of wind
Nor can the waves...
Bigger than the dreams of river in two skies
You pass the impossible
As you were the poem and the poet
And still you are
A question for the music...
Unto you
The clouds run
These hallucinations of whiteness,
The most enigmatic,
Are the henna of the words
And the thickest light...
If forests did not know your spectrums
Would the butterflies approach near the fire...?!
Or
Has the time been instilling in the isle of eternity...?
They go to cemeteries like the moments do
And you are alone
The everlasting azure
Where the spirits revolve
And mount
Thus the Cosmos seems more smoldering...
Since when do you recite with me the unknown?
The poem is not enough for the one
Whom its scenes become so constricted
Thus what does timeless inscribe unto the times
And what does the purple lilac whisper?!

106.

All This and More

By Ziad el-Saudi (Jordan)

Evening was loaded and sad.
Night was nomad,
Seducing the pavements.
The street lights persisted on revealing their brilliance
As if they were a widow,
Parting the mourning nights,
The fervent.
They appeared like an adolescent,
Getting ready to sleep,
Preparing a bed to embrace a seething body
Fraught with night, wakefulness and August.
At the midnight
Things got their half sugar from the world,
And hearts yawning towards the distant
That gives them the strange warmth
To fly like flirting butterflies.
An endless approach
To the end,
That he always desires,
As he is the master without sovereignty,
Cloud without a rain,
A river rebels against all the seas
Whose fishes turned into
Fortune Stones
And mermaids desiccated within itself.
Thus the moon river reflected
On the sky of his hunger within itself. .

His hidden room
In one of the alleys,
His permanent writhing bed
As if it was an old man worn by Asthma.
Of mind fraught with anxieties
And his cabinet his memories
Pregnant with poisons,
Ziad is body fraught with all this and more.

107.

Waves

By Amer el-Debk (Syria)

Oh Wave,
What is it that tempts you with this running
To hold her blue shirt?
Oh Wave,
Return back to your sea, pleased and so pleasing to him.
For lo! The one who touches her shirt
Will drown,
Even the seas.
If they want to dive in it
They come by a boat...
Oh wave,
How you dare
To touch her tresses
As the wind spreads at the doors of her tresses...
Oh Wave,
Say to the foolish sea
To be ashamed,
And to leave off the wave-making for a while,
And pray to the black hair...!
Oh Wave,
Who is the one that brings you out
From the depth,
And who stuffs your head with these mad ideas
To be spilled
In the eyeballs...
Oh poor one,
The sea sends you to commit suicide
So that he may rest from eagerness.

Oh Wave,
Brag not,
By your fitness over the water
Since there is a sea behind you
that drowns any one touches his wave,
Slapping the shore rocks
Whenever he wills...!

Brag not...!
The sea, the vast,
The angry ,
The choppy,
When seeing her,
He scatters and casts his waves away ,
And begs
The wave may set out her eyes
Every evening
To his vastness....
He promises her
To cast out all the salts
Those hang over him
In order to be sweet.
When he touches her,
Lights clothe him by the touch of her palm.

Oh Wave,
Keep your fingers away
From her body
As your fingers
Have the taste of wind,
And her body
Has the shape of a cloud...!

Oh Wave,
It is better for you
To rest over the sand
So that the sea may drag you
From your stark tail...
It is better to stop
For a while,
Throwing her with squirts of your jealousy .

Oh Wave,
Be aware of her appeal;
The sea will mock,
When you melt
Over the tip of his fingers.
As the sea is bashful,
And coward,
He is too weak to admit
His defeat.

As her charm is revealed,
He sees her.
He roars
Till the water becomes white,
And he cries when she pushes him
By her feet.
As he goes too far,
She slaps him with her hand.

Thus he moves ahead,
Defeated,
Ashamed,
And coward,

The sea is still
Sad,
Resorting between shores...
The Tremor touches him
When he sees her
Taking off
The fishes of his temptation,
Wrapped in the cloud of her appeal..

So many times,
Because of his astonishment,
He gets quiet like being frozen
When he sees her
Taking the cloud away from her,
Rising,
And waking like an angel of light
Over the water...!

108.

He Walks between two Rivers

By Ahmad Fadl Shabloul (Egypt)

There..
On the court of the sprit
The spring birds had landed
The violet sang
Ear in a storm
I fed it from the nectar of the sunrise
And I went reciting my poem
That which I did say
Except for my dears
Then the suns of the morning came
Surrounding the letters
Give warm to the boy's heart
There..
I saw my father..
Walking between two rivers
Songs all around him
The day was praying
I saw my father..
But he didn't see me running to him
There stands between me and his kind hands
The birds of doubts
.. Illusions of desert
I called
But he was walking towards his river
Never replied to my wounded call

I stood on the edge of dream
And between the edges of the road
And the depth of the question
Eyes were wondering
Come to me with doubts
Is the earth lost under the steps?
Has the eternal wave strayed?

I saw my father
Walks along the fields full of ears
Between coming back, winds and queries
I fed it with the nectar of the sunrise
I water it from the stream of hearts
.. that was watering
Has the gathering winds angered you?
Did the rillet make a foe?

I saw my father..
Won't sleep
Holding flowers of harmony
I called him
But he was moving away
To his river
Songs were paving the heavens' way
I said
I will go to my shore
Maybe the sees
Brings the whispers
Of my father's call

109.

Passport

By Ahmad Fadl Shabloul (Egypt)

I like your streets
I love your cafes.. Those give tables to sailors
I sit on the top of those rocks
Drunk from the moisture of the magic of the shell
I walk inside those months.. Those shake the nectar of the seasons
This January.. Taking my frost exile
Through it under my cloths
This April.. Giving my lips the meeting spring
That is August
Takes the loneliness from my heart
That tyrant November calls my youth
Dancing on my arms
Weeks of daisies
And jasmine
On each door
Call the waves of yearning
I love those streets crossing my dreams
Run along the submitted shore
Where sand freezes
And desire flames
Your streets today emerges from our pain
Go, and go, like flood
Kill the darkness inside us
Walks to its beginning
Here.. in my eyes
A road reaches its end
A road goes deep with pearls and songs on its sides

Oh sea
Give you dreams to that verse
I have from your frost, heat
I have from your shore, vision
I have from the deep, rose
And from your rocks of those coral, green
And from your salt, food
I have what you have
Be a child on these streets
Singing for this life
Be a father to those orphans
And a path to the lost
And an embryo to the infertile
Be a city to me
Where I can cross the roads
And where I love cafes
And cuddle its brave castle
And walk inside those months
Without a passport

110 .

Three Triangles

By Yousif Shahada (Palestine)

Three triangles

If the Moon knows,
You are the star of twilight,
It will not appear.

If the rain knows
You are the cloud dance,
It will not pour down.

If people know
You are the tear of mirage,
They will invent rain.

A Woman of Glass

At the mirror of the world,
-This unknown nadir-
I saw a woman,
Coming out from the silence of broken glass,
Breathing heavily as the exhaling of her tresses.
A smoke of train wiggling quietly...
You polished glass cells of her!
You the neigh of the bridled blood of her
Ah how alive that is in my heart!
Ah how dead that is in the mirror!

Triangle Picture in a Dice

Your pale picture
Became in the middle of petals
On the dice table
Your rival started foretelling your luck,
But you stood up and left the café
Without farewell.

111.
You

By Majida Abdel Nabi (Egypt)

I draw my pain on the map of my life,
To you, distances carry me to you.
Oh tree where I lean my head,
Whenever my feet get weary,
Whenever the way away.

My prayers are for you, Oh you who travels too far.
Oh you who travels inside me..... In the fragments of my age.
Oh my dream that runs before me and I follow
You are my gallows that attracts me,
As if I were the awaiting guillotined...!

You remain my pain
The pain that I love...!

112.

The School of Love

By Nizar Qabbani (Syria)

Your love taught me how to grieve,
While I have been in need, for centuries,
For a woman to make me grieve,
And to cry upon her arms
Like a sparrow...
For a woman to gather my pieces
Like clusters of broken crystal..

Your love taught me, my lady, my worst habits.
It taught me how to foresee my coffee - cup
Thousands of times every night,
To experience the medicine of herbalists,
And knock on the doors of the fortune tellers.

It taught me to come out of my house,
In order to comb the sidewalks,
And chase your face in the raindrops,
In the lights of cars,
In the unknown apparels,
And even to run after your spectrum
In the posters of advertisements,
And gather millions of stars from your eyes.

Your love taught me
To wander around, for hours,
Searching for a gypsy hair
Envied by all the gypsies,
Searching for a face, for a voice,
Which are all the faces and all the voices...

Your love made me enter, my lady,
Into the cities of grief
while I have never entered
The cities of grief before.
I never know
That tears are a person,
and a person without grief
Is only a reminiscence of a person...

Your love taught me
How to behave like teenagers,
To draw your face with chalk
Upon the walls,
Upon the sails of fishermen's boats,
On the Church's bells, on the crucifixes.

Your love taught me how love could
Change the map of time...
Your love taught me, that when I fall in love
The earth will stop revolving...
Your love taught me things
That were never occurred unto me..
Thus I read children's fairytales,
Entered the palaces of the Jennies kings,
And dreamt to be wedded with the Sultan's daughter...
Those eyes are more apparent
Than the water of a lagoon
Those lips more luscious
Than the flower of pomegranates.
And I dreamt that I kidnapped her like a knight
And dreamt I gave
Her the garlands of pearl and coral stones.

Your love taught me, my lady,
What hallucination might bring....
It taught me how life may surpass
Without the coming of the Sultan's daughter...

Your love taught me
How to love you in all the things,
In the naked trees, in the yellow dry leaves,
In a rainy day, in the tempest,

In a smallest café where we drink in the evening
Our black coffee..

Your love taught me...to seek refuge,
to seek refuge in hotels without names,
In churches without names...
In cafes without names...

Your love taught me how night
Could proliferate the Strangers' grief .
It taught me how to behold Beirut
A woman, tyrant of temptation,
A woman, wearing every evening
the most beautiful clothing she possesses,
and sprinkling perfume upon her breasts,
For the fisherman, and the princes.

Your love taught me how to cry without account.
It taught me how grief slumbers
Like a boy with his feet cut off
In the streets of *Rouche* and *Hamra*.

Your love taught me how to grieve,
And I have been in need, for centuries,
For a woman to make me grieve,
For a woman, to cry upon her arms
Like a sparrow
For a woman to gather my pieces
Like clusters of broken crystal...

113.

The Fortune Teller

By Nizar Qabbani (Syria)

She sat down with fear in her eyes,
Contemplating my upturned cup.
She said: don't grieve, my son,
You are destined to fall in love;
My son, the one who sacrifices himself for his beloved
Is a martyr.

Your cup is horrific world,
And your life books and wars.
You will fall in love so many times, so many times,
And you will die so many times, so many times.
You will fall in love with all the women in this world,
And you will return back as a defeated king.

For so long I have scrutinized fortune-telling,
But never have I read a cup similar to yours.
For so long have I scrutinized fortune-telling
But never have I seen sorrows similar to yours.
You are predestined to sail forever
Sail-less, on the sea of love.
Your life is forever destined
To be a book of tears,
And be imprisoned
Between water and fire.

Regardless of its fires
Regardless of its past records
Regardless of the grief that abides within us day and night
Regardless of the wind,

The rainy weather,
And the cyclone,
It is love, my son,
Will always be the best of all fates
There is a woman in your life, my son,
Her eyes are so beautiful,
Glory be to God,
Her mouth is drawn like a petal,
And her laughs
Roses and melodies,
And the mad gypsy's hair
Traveling all around the world.

The woman you love,
May be she is your whole world.
But your sky is raining,
And your rout is blocked, blocked, my son.
Your beloved, my son, is asleep
In a guarded palace.
The palace is big and huge,
Guarded by dogs and soldiers,
And the princess of your heart is asleep.
He who asks for her hand
Or approaches her garden's wall
Will get lost....
He who tries to loosen her tresses
Will get lost, my son, will get lost.

You will seek her everywhere, my son,
Asking the waves of the sea about her,
Asking the shores' turquoise.
You will roam seas and seas,
And your tears will flow like a river,
And you grief will grow till it becomes trees.
At the close of your life,
You will realize that
You have been pursuing only a trace of smoke.
You will find that since your beloved,
Have no land, no home, and no address.
How difficult it is, my son,
To love a woman
Who has neither land, nor home.

114.

Book of Love

By Nizar Qabbani (Syria)

As long as my green sparrow is still
My beloved,
Then god is in the heaven...

My beloved asks me:
What is the difference between heaven and I?
The difference between both of you is that:
When you smile, my beloved,
I forget the heaven...

Oh my beloved,
Love is a beautiful poem written on the Moon.
Love is drawn on all the leaves of the trees.
Love is inscribed on
The sparrows' feathers and the rain drops,
But any woman in my country,
If she falls in love with a man,
She will be stoned with fifty stones...

When I fell in love,
I have changed;
The realm of god has changed...
The night starts to sleep in my coat,
And the sun rises from the west...

O my god... My heart becomes insufficient
Since the one I love is equivalent to the world.
So put another one in my bosom
As big as the world...

You still ask me about the date my birthday,
So record what you are not aware of:
The day you loved me is my birthday....

If the jinni came out from his hideout
Telling me:
“You have one minute
To choose what you desire
From corals and gems”
I would choose your eyes
Without any hesitation.

115.

Night at its Stillest

By Nu'man Thabit Abdul Latif (Iraq)

(Translated by Sami B. Khamou)

In the silence of the night
Sweet dreams emerge and play
Full moon opens its eyes
To scan this glorious day
Come, sweetheart, let's
The lovers' vineyard a visit pay
To satisfy, with juices
The fire of desire where we stay

Listen, the nightingale is
Pouring its melodies abound
In a world filled with aromatic fragrances
Exhaled by the mound
My darling, fear not... love tales
Are concealed by the stars
The nightly fog in those vineyards
also, ardent secrets bars

The Fairy bride in her spellbound cave,
Don't be scared!,
Has reposed ... intoxicated
The eyes of nymphs she flared
The Goblin King, if passing by
Passionately knocked out
Love-stricken, like me, how can he disclose
What wears him out?

116.

Baghdad

Subject of International Deliberation

By Hasan Raheem el-Kharsani (Iraq)

(Translated by Sami B. Khamou)

Today I open the doorway to the poem
Persistently defeating this chill
With my tears I paint a moon
And gulls with my agonies
I am the sentinel of my demise
A child kissing its decease
She laughs...She weeps
Like a dim light
She gets the glow from the palm trees
And additional femaleness from Euphrates
Kissing as many planets as she fancies
Today I enter rapidly the realm of death
I steal its gown
And roam all the graveyards
Entering swiftly like the silence of the sun rays
And return from a rendezvous with the grim reaper
I paint a road
Stretching from my heart ... to my homeland
Adorning it with Tigris and roses
Handing it the remnants of my dream, my verses
Today I paint myself on the shroud of the eyes
A blossom offering the hymn of its own splendor
A perfume .. and a mirror to prolong my meditation
I am the backyard of, my slayer, a bereaved nation
That was born
And died before she could live
And died even before!

Today I open the doorway to the poem
And say I'll never...
She is Tigris
The river that breastfed me
Conferring on me the game of creation
The spirit that was offered as a revelation
Is Tigris
I am the descendant of the wind
Raining what I wish is my choice
Today I paint the scorpions of hell their evil noise
And yell at them "I am Baghdad" No!"
Do I need to add any more?
This is the body that I've parted
Stuffing it with fear, darkness
And barren hatred
Today I disclose to the poem its mystery
And proceed, colorless as my tragedy
My tragedy is the subject of international deliberation
Colorless are tears
Blood, orphans, widows
And civilization
Do I need to add any more?
Colorless also is
Even the air
And the dust
Today I lay my stature as a connection
And paint
All kinds of devastation

117.

The Samurai

By Basim Furat (Iraq)

(Translated by Soheil Najm)

Unsheathing his sword that is almost to his height,
He puts on his helmet
Girded in steel.
He is in his full splendor.
He has the scent of history and the remains of its dust.
And because there was never enough warriors to fight
He was placed in a corner of a museum.

At festivals
You can see him sitting on a rock near his palace
Or standing on a corner
Taking photographs with children,
And in the best cases
He parades in front of the visitors.

At night,
When all the families return to their houses,
He is stripped of his splendor
And returned to a dark corner
Of a museum
Awaiting a new festival.

118.
Me

By Basim Furat (Iraq)

(Translated by Abbas el-Sheikh)

O Father,
Your blood which flows on walls
On roofs,
Minarets,
Domes,
In forests,
In seas,
Flows on the seven heavens
And the earth;
Your blood,
Which has been since thirty years and more
Bleeding,.

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.

is

Me

119.

My Father

By Basim Furat (Iraq)

(Translated by Abbas el-Sheikh)

Your dreams were screaming
While we were covering you up with earth;
We felt the defeat in them.

O Father, are you going to dangle your heroic deeds
Like decorations to seduce women
In your new world?
Are you going to tell them about the defeat of the spring
In our lives?
About a star that never leaves the roof of our home?
About a woman who has harboured grief in her heart
Since the 10th of July 1969?
A woman
Who lights the candles of her youth
On your grave,
And who, every Thursday,
Brings with her the Euphrates
To your resting place?

120.

A Poet's Reverie

By Khaloud El-Muttalibi (Iraq)

Do you still sit under the plum tree?
Watching the faces gaze
At a face that is so similar to yours
The journey through the mossy stairs is short
And your days are numbered

Yet you still have time to draw
Your fanciful young dreams
And make sure that your name
Is writ not on water but on stone

That mahogany bed embraces your soul
In that simple English room of yours
Still searching for your body
A body, which boarded its deathly ship
And a fatal fate that it could not escape
Here in Hampstead
No tears for you from Fanny
Nor from your friend Brown
Not even your immortal Nightingale weeps

But in Rome where you lie
Under its beautiful azure sky
You will be content with tears of
Violets that have the flavor of your death

Over there in Rome
Your poems remain undisturbed,
Your kisses
And your last reverie

121.

The Tiresome Journey

By Khaloud el-Muttalibi (Iraq)

Your feet sink
In the night's road
The journey is troublesome
It is not possible to find part of you
In the mysterious candles of souls
Or feel another face
That does not exist
Outside the cocoon of dawn
Yet you will imagine
Another face
As solitude is lethal
Where your poems are wandering
Hungry like the dreams of the dead

The castle is distant
In the cities of night
Where the boughs are attached from all sides
To one part of the sunflower's symphony

122.

Dreams of a Butterfly

By Essa Adway (Palestine)

(Translated by Iman el-Hussaini)

I smiled to the morning
Wishing it
would choose me
hoping I could fly with creatures
And swim in the depth of happy
Wishes,
Soaring, not resting except
For a moment of calmness flapping
On a flower in the distant fields
Kissing life's mouth sweetened
with glory charm...and embracing
scent leading to
the birth of this poem
I roam fields covered with roses
Dreaming of honey flowing
On intimate lips

I dreamt that I crossed the borders
I climbed all great dams... and overlooked
Over those hills on a knoll
It embraced me
And I embraced in it my mother's countenance
which touched me..
With all pure compassion
And called my name
And I felt
That I've reached what I've aspired

And gloom cannot dominate me
My worry disappeared
And a squadron of butterflies around me flew like me
Kissing my head
And my eyes ... and sleeve
And fell just like me
In my mother's lap

I felt that I flew in the eye of that butterfly
I traveled in yearning so I may see my field
and watch the ecstasy at the reunion moment,
My heart moaned.. and in the chest spreads remnants of a shiver
But I like others
Returned.. sad.. Contemplating my life
And witnessing my death
On the surface of a TV screen
I did not know
That I am feeble
So fragile!

I wondered as evening approached
Why birds like me sleep
And rest over vulnerable branches
Do they experience... with dawn approach
Fear of the sun and the wind
?And frightening rumbles
I reproached myself
I was taken by surprise ... by my heart storms
They were violent
I deliberately closed the door
To save my heart of the illusion
May be I can leave tender hearts' den
In order to be relieved from Sparrows chatter
one day
and build for myself of the wind
a palace of silly aspirations

123.

Tales from the Book of Nights

By Izz El A'Din Katta (Morocco)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

The lilac field swerves under the armpit of night
Wearing a glass creek
I remember
I saw you in a poem
The fever was inhabiting my fingers
The needy horses were revelling through my veins
Your withered stars were lying on a cloud's eyelashes
Plaiting a lover's hair from a progeny of madness
The lilac field is swaying
Amongst threads of a time that was loosely wrapped with loss

The city is swimming in your red lips
I do not know
If I was the caller or was it the wind whispering
The faint voice
Emerging from the corners of your eyes
Started whipping me with insomnia
I wish your fingers did not shine
With a gesture which was the start of the question
And the end of a sun that exchanges its light with my childhood
If the sign did not stretch to it
I would have been the sun
And it would have been the child
The age of love like the age of flowers or leafs of a willow
Dying without having a word

The city is swimming in your red lips
While I was shaking off my fingers, the fragments of delusion
I try my ageing boat
In a constant sea in the flames
I travelled across the lines of your countenance

Picking stars with withered features
And reading the letters of love in the pages of affection
Writing down the longing in my memoirs
I lost all expression
So I wrote by whimpering
Your cheeks are two Apples under the irises
Your cheeks are two fruits on which the morning had drawn
The map of longing

124.

The Cover Will Disclose

By Nathir el-Tiaar (Algeria)

(Translated by Batoul Ahmed)

You will be unable for a long time,
This will send you to the sills of desperation
You will search about miracles without prophet secretly
Snake of humans and fairies squirt out openly their
Rancor poison instead of you
And the army of mosquitoes smuggle a lot of your blood,
Which is what is rest for you, at night
You will be settle in the most darkness sea.. Binding by octopus
You will be captured with cord question of day,
Opening your heart by force
It will weave then unweave all the strings
Alone, you will forget by yourself your treasures
A dawn will emerge from you,
If you returned back truly to yourself,
To get back the soul from fall whispers

On the edge of hurt, the rhapsody stands up
At the whispers of false charge, I raise the ceremonies of manifestation
And I drink from the water of loyalty
My hands are manacled,
And my soul flying free, laughing on them,
To the bank of bliss, to the meta-sky of heaven

I am the tear of seal in the rattles of cry
I am the strength of eye, when the cover disclose
I am for the spring as a breath of day
I am for the summer as a confidant, from
Heart to heart, on verandas of night
I am the letter which brighten in the words of prophet
I am the sword which cutting the rope of hypocrisy

You pretence that I am a small orb,
And in my soul is the print of prophets
I said to my baby:
Purify yourself with water of shame,
And pray for Allah who is Forgiving, Merciful,
Munificent of Requit

You will be honest because
You are full of superior balance
And empty from the futility of frivolous

You will leave one day to your wish
You will go to a place, which no body can know y our steps
Away from the mirage wishes, which enclose your sleep
Lonely, but with your aura of righteousness,
Which you made them by your hand
You will be freedom because you are running to your start

You will be pleasure,
And from the verandas of content, you will throw the
Exhalation of difficult torment
Throw over your thought over your embers misery,
Between start of your cry and your last withdraw
You will recognize in the time which expel the soul, the glow of truth
How can it draw up a big treasure from nothing?
You will see that what is gone, it is gone
All the distances are placation, and all the accounts are a big zero

125.

The Sonata of the Unfamiliar Seagull

By Abdulwahab el-Muttalibi

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

Through the pines of death and blood
The white seagull flies
And with it the planets of our sorrows fly
On a beach where
The soul loses its peace
It was an eternal settler
What glow of soul's wounds do we read
Between the bars of flames and tears
Love hides scared
Longing is bewildered, how can it be consoled
The candles that are chanting
Like twinkles of a heart pulse
O unfamiliar seagull
Our thoughts are dying like grass that was trodden upon by
The feet of passers-by
O unfamiliar seagull
Our present cries for an escaped patch of rain
For showers of bleeding maiden's love under larch trees
The sighs bouncing like frightened sparrows
The lonely moan moves in the theatres of distance
What a strange view for the mirrors of
The desertion of our Weeping Place
O unfamiliar seagull do not be in pain

On a beach of a language sea
The unfamiliar seagull stands on a heap of fog
Lost and wailing like a rebeck
No intimacy for its flock....let down by its own wings
Floating on careless sea waves
And on others that are wild
Waiting for a fish or a dolphin with no other choice
At a time when the hatred thistle grows
Carelessly...it slumbers on a smooth butter
Or of a longing nimbus of passing clouds
So the heart pulse continues
Accompanied by dew and a sunset call
O unfamiliar seagull would you return
Yearning eyes are dancing with emptiness
Watching the nap of the seagull
On the rocking of the waves
Your eyes are planted like two bleeding lilies
A secret conversation with your black hair
Which lies sweetly on your shoulders
Or resting on your trembling palm
Do you want the return of the regret that
Leaped out of your beautiful mouths' river
Or a sigh that slipped away like a bereaved mother
What notion had captured you unfamiliar seagull
Lighten the pressure of your elbow on the pillow
Wean your thoughts for few minutes then pray
Do you see the glass of water trembling
Like the wings of a tired seagull
For glorious larch trees not protect the sparrows
From the flame of a tyrant
The stars are now praying without ablution
Love had washed with a dust of an amazing longing
And the bleeding chant on the orphan's lips
The unfamiliar seagull is watching only you

126.

Rose of Anger

By Ahmed el-Remawy (Palestine)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

Once upon a time in the genesis of narrators
A pearl named Anat was
Planted by the fertile soil of Canaan
Who taught her how the folds are bedewed
Out of clusters of demeanour
How to drink poems of a Shepherd's flute
Gave her the cloud's tremors
And the quiver of rain
At the door of longing, handed her
A key of life
It taught her how the stones burn
How to throw the arrows on behalf of cupid
How to restore what was obliterated
A stone is not a stone
A black eyed man whose right hand decides fate
Favoured by the infatuated Baal
He was not sorrowful,
He was not in pain
He was not regretful
The whole universe is talking about him
He came to her with a garland of luminance and
With lightening as a necklace
He came to resurrect the old folks' songs
Swaggering with thunder and
Boasting about storms
He came to cast an anchor on the harbour of her intimate

Discourse
Lotan the dragon saw the truth
In the rest of the seven insolent heads
He struts on the sanctity
Blinded by vanity
Enraged by the resurrection of vigilance
Horried by the roaring wrath
The dragon realised that evil is struck down by its ingratitude
Spontaneously
The alleys roar
Make haste for martyrdom
The squares rumble
This is the day of rebirth
Warble the summit of Saffon
To storm Nasira
A stone rebuilt what was thrown
In the deserts of memory
The Germic castle chants
The melody of Aum Alfaham
At the night of sowing
Ebal enacted a resolution
The tormented Jarzeem said there is no option
The stone of the nation was resolute
The stone of support was spellbound
The stone of truth leads
Depicted by the pulse of the street
The Kermel embraced the waist of the exemplary Bank
The Ghawr swayed and sang for Aljalil
A stone immobilised the artillery
An original stone from us
Emerged out of the position of wounds
The lachrymal canal shone
Gaza ripens with resolve
Kissed by Aljalil
Presented the rose of anger
The stone of truth manifested in the hawker of flame
In the Mwasi in Rafah
In the lips of Dir Albalah
In the deserts of Alnaqab
A stone has resurrected the Arabs
A stone pours out what was repressed inside us
Out of the forest of history, Medusa chanted
In a resounding voice that shook

The corners of conscience
Al Durah's father talks about
How the innocence is being assassinated
How the surprise is poured forth
On the threshold of sorrow
Our bleeding continues every day
Unforgotten
Al Durah's father listens
The musky blood diffuses
The blessing of merit
In the furnace of love
No obstacle can stop Al Durah's father
How many martyrs showered the world with torches
How many martyrs debilitated the convoys
Yam taught them a lesson
Made them swallow a bitter death
Emptied the poison of tumbler
He went on raving on the trees of wounds
Baal, stop all that Shields you
From clouds and wind
Raving he came
Baal, hand over the daughter of light
The daughter of rain
And lift up the hill on the top of the palm trees
He went on raving
Baal, tear up the rock of reverence
Take of the evidence of thunder from the dome of history
Baal accept the alternative
Baal listens with a wondering heart
He sees in the horizon a blood fall
Refusing to go back
Sailing towards the Galaxy
He sees the sun of suns
Decorating the prettiest bride
Studied her dreams
From the fragrance of henna of heart
Lined her feet
From the magic of the trouble's cameleer
Built a wall round her feet
Until we return
All of us are the implants of her hands
It is Jerusalem
There is no secret in the universe besides her

The infatuated Baal came to her
He was not sorrowful,
He was not in pain
He was not regretful
How wonderful he said
How wonderful
Baal was bound by the uprising of souls
He was bleeding from sitting
In the frozen views of the attendees
In the darkness of the conference goers
Baal secretly recited
The surah of the manifested victory

127.

The Singer is Singing

By Nimr Sady (Palestine)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

On this earth, there is something worth living for
Childhood, love, bitter happiness ... A taste of a morning
In the faint hearts...in its speedy steps to wards the north
Homer's songs in Love and war.....the poems of Sophocles
What weary women leave
On the heart from their beautiful unbearable crimson misty sorrow
On the lip of the shore, the singer is singing a lightly scented bleeding lily
The heart is yet to finish its death
There is still plenty of time to return
The colours to the seas
I was displaced by the wretched songs... since I was a child
A boxthorn of the morning is nesting under my eyelashes
And under the neighing eyelashes
I was crushed by the wishes on a lost shore
In a poem... It turned my flowers into crumbs
On this earth, there is something worth living for
I secretly laugh and cry, the heart bursts
Allowing butterflies to emerge
The immortal ardent love yields and the lover's dream appears
From the old centuries of the ibexes in the land of Jalaad
From the froth of the sea in magnificent memories
From the lament of Aramaya
And from the side of the heart
It emerges from the lobe of the moon; a sheer red
Dripping blood, a soluble agony
On the sad oaks
The singer sings forgetting that I am the victim of life
On the rock of desires
The heart is yet to finish its death
There is still plenty of time to return the sky to
Its nature in the sunset

128.

Pale Wakefulness

By Mohammed el-Mansour (Yemen)

(Translated by Hassan Hegazy)

For a moment
A skin is shred
Another grows up, the octopus moment
Confusion of dusk
Drags colored suspicion
For this he weeps to enrage silence
Pale this wall
It is a woman for direction
That forgetfulness expects.

Faces inside words
How they secretly came in
And did not know them?
He learns forgetfulness
To remember these faces.

Those streets inside him
He could not follow
That strange shade
The shade that accompanied
His old wound.

What dreams?
Vanished
He himself is absent from now
The crazy of boiling time
His road forgetfulness
To absence.

A father to that orphan
That escaped from remote emptiness
The light carrying images
Keep walking to no where
Unstable among smooth shadows
Barefooted dances in the dignity of dust
It is a poem that obstinate with
Forgetful affairs
To postpone his death
To go with worries
It teaches him to die out
That does not make his body heavy with glitter,
Teaches him to be always in longing
Now I fail to be
Yesterday
I fear to be awake
As distance eats my looks.

The sea was a dream
The salt was awake
Creatures to extinguish with my mirage
I sleep in butterfly 'dress
Memories run around me
I accompany sadness
I appear in the same place
Lightened with my cocoon
My sadness
My destination's name is me
And my satisfaction of you
Is a type of greediness.

129.

The Violin King

By Lotfi Khamees (Palestine)

(Translated by Sameer el-Shenawi)

Your shadow is still in place
Over-clouding my face,
As I come again
Appeasing my trembling heart
And letting my secrets depart.

Your shadow is still in place
Saying "Tread no more into my world
Our memories and love you still embrace.
If time lingered, you'd have returned...
Thinking time has got me changed
And a spring of tenderness I've earned!
Nay, time is not yet nigh
Springs of love have turned dry,
Let me live and attempt not
To set back the tickling clock.
Into decay, fell the past
And away shipped the mast."

To the words of this cowardly shadow
I mumbled, paying no heed:
"Love is much ado,
My freedom is what I need,
more precious than earth
And its beauty's mirth.

Love is much ado,
Still, I have my golden sword,
With dazzling pearls adorned.

Love is much ado,
Yet, rhymes and rhythms are my own,
to my presence, audience is drawn.
Mine is the velvet carpet,
I'm the king with my instrument,
The Scepter, crown and throne.

Love is much ado,
Me, it may sting,
That's never an easy thing!

O my love, it is time to step aside
Let my passionate fire subside
And shed the smoke its night.

Whatever fate is to bring,
I am here, the violin king.
Wherever I go, fame is my prize.
I have all but on the stage to rise,
Between my fingers and the string
A chant of kindness to sing.

Into oblivion my love you should sink
And die, nothing will forth you bring."

Rising on the stage
Amid applause beyond gauge,
The king tried to hold
His bow and cord.
But his hands did shiver,
Betraying him hither.

From his chair he fell,
Fainted in the festival.
"What went wrong?" people yelled
Happened what to the violin king,
Falling in a moment with a broken wing?"

An answer in the air did echo:
"The violin may sing to whom?"
Said a passing shadow,
With shining tears of gloom.

130.

Female

By Nassar el-Hajj (Sudan)

The Universe begets
The world's maps;
The female begets
Shepherds
And prophets.
In every dawn families appear
From the life's gate,
Instilling people in the plains
Creatures walking on the wilds of the universe,
Male friends
And female friends
Plowing mountains with Night's chats...
Mothers grasp the wind from its seed
Children wash the Universe
From the word's death and the fertile - fatal ghosts.
Female pave the world by the conditions of life
And the almond of beginning.
The Universe begets
The world's maps;
The female begets
Shepherds
And prophets...

131.

Singing to Poets

Saleh Mahameed (Palestine/Italy)

No land for your feet
But your hands
No horizon for your visions
But your apparent kindness
No amethyst for your dream
But the portrayed joy within you
This train
Moves for no reason
This giving
Melts in

You ought to see things
As they desire to be seen
You ought to see things
The way they want you
To see them

I see naught
In the executioner's horizon
But the absence of the breeze
In the executioner's horizon
Nor do I see
In the police perplexity
But the collapse of dream
Nor do I see in the eyes of young girls
But my dream
So I may become a gift for her wrist
And for her heart
Tunes and mirrors

132.

Palestine Is My Homeland

By Tayseer el-Nashif (Palestine /USA)

O, my homeland,
I yearn for you as a rain cloud which quenches my thirsty self,
and the miserable hills.
I long for you as a sea in which my bewildered sail surges.
as a river in which my self's stretching shadows slumber,
as an address for my alienated name.
I stare at you as a memory of my history which is scented with
tragedies and storms.
The soldier will not suppress the voice of my angry people.
The star of night narrates the story of the tortured people.
The pains of my people are rising on the top of Mount Al -Mukabbir.
The orchard of my land is a fragrance on my mind.
Your bright dawn, by my life, is an intoxication for the viewer.

133.

Tunisia – My Mermaid

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

You reside in my soul
Inspiring me to sing...
I whisper in the ear of wind
Sighing: I love you...!
Thus, the Moon smiles
shedding all its brightness
under your feet...

O Tunisia, the land of myth
And warmth
I come unto you
Weary and drunk...
Carrying my joy, sorrow
and madness...

Invisible,
I enter the forests of olive trees ,
Copulate the Moon,
And leave with a poem...
Thus flowers and sparrows
stars and seas
Whisper within me with something
that my mind neither comprehends
nor perceives...

As I watch the waves cuddling
The golden tresses of sand
I aspire to send into you
Grapes and cherries
Sparrows and robins
Lilies and Jasmine
Sit for long hours
Contemplating
Your eyes and beauty,
Recite into you my mad verses
And tell you about the sea
And drowning...

Now, as I find love illuminating in your heart
Tears become lilies
and the olive trees welcome
All the sparrows of love
To sing upon their branches...

O Tunisia,
The Moon that eternal illumination
Still illumines the spirit
Thus I wear the apparel of divinity
Reciting love poems ...!

“Love is the true religion of God”

Munir Mezyed

134.

The Bakeries of Home

By Ahmed el-Remawy (Palestine)

(Translated by Hassan Hegazy)

Bring me, from my red land, a painting
From the wings of hope
Bring me from our bright star field
And to squeeze out the clouds of eyes

Sir ...
The songs of thirsty boat got softened
And smiled the bird
Sir
The suburbs of seas were eager
To Those pure creatures
Of nature

Sir
My cooked poetry with sadness
From its fire
The bakeries of home are spread!

135.

The Gasp of the Drowned

By Inshirah Hamdan (Palestine)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

The gasp of the drowned has an impact
Painful like the dawns' tears
It forced me to abandon some of my optimism
My feigned optimism
There is nothing for the tears but a meager morning
That abides farewell with no return
Left my eyes to be inhabited by a sunset's ash
A sunset with black twilight
That became familiar to the kohl
Before me, all the places had invaded
It gathered in the grip of death
My time became a distant past
And tomorrow no longer exists
Not even in my dictionary
The soul sails in a shallow fear, frightened of what is coming next
It urges the beats of death
Bestowing suicide its breath
Carries its water in a sieve of drought
Sending it to an autumn's fountain
Only to realize that it is waiting for a July cloud
To tell the stories of the old torrent
It beats the drum of death
It tells the song of the traveler
Perhaps the wind will carry it
Further than the extent of belonging

So that the chant of my faraway country resounds
It searches for a stray smile
Amongst the contours of the exile's map
To find it after the completion of the distance
It encased the tribe's pillars
Covered the cities' plazas
And when it heard my country's chant
It hastened to wipe a cruel tear
In the nearest corner of loss
Chanting; I longed for you my country
To the point of infatuation

May I come on the remains of death?
To enjoy the warmth of your lap
Or do I return to the time before Christ
To wait for Alexander of Macedon
To erect a barrier between me and my exile
To drink fever out of a legend of those who are asleep
To sit on the gasp of the strangers
And to wrap myself with the remains of dawn's tears

136.

The Void Sign

By Jebbar el-Kawaz (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Abdul-Latif Al-Assady)

The signs fled astray into the fields
My head caresses my memory,
Lies supine on a jungle of questions
The step that played the hiding game under shades
Never abides by getting to destination
What sense does it convey?
Never do I hang my chants
Between the sunrise and the eclipse
Yes, me, a first fugitive to the Void!
My queries are mere roll-ups of sand!
In the thicket of my tempests
A pang was enmeshed!
In my blood, the signs were sunk
No more do angles have their retractions
Nothing but a circle the rectangular has begotten
Yes, me, jump into the meanings
No longer has my day philosophized its routine
In the smoke record
The horizon! What may it carry?
The bats on the shores chanted
The hedgehogs the seduction game practiced
My hands to the maps of Loss stretched
In paralysis
Never whispered in darkness
Hugged none but a handful of tears
In its knob, I wheedled what lurks
Behind its sleepless gates
The signs are prostituted
The way to them
Sinks in lightning
Floats in holy supplication
I in madness
Record
My voyage!

(Part I of the Lengthy Poem: *Flutes Immigrated into the Void*)

137.

Forlornness

By Majeed el-Mossawy (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Abdul-Latif Al-Assady)

What has become
Of me?
I am rubbing away
 Bit
 By
 Bit.
And my soul is waning...
Poetry!
It is deserting.

Passed! All those nights!
How?
Am I heedless I have my nights quenched!
How?
Pay no heed to wrinkles in the eye!
To the shudder of the palm!
And what about
This dreariness that haunts me on and on?
How?
Pay no heed to the shadows that bend!
Do you, me!
See Time has come to
Whirl with the wind
 Wherever it whirls
Till we both
Together
Fade out into
 The dust
Of
 Nonentity!

138.

Tablets

By Abdulla Hussain Chellab (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

Tablet One

O, She-Sea...
Still I am
On your green rock
I n wait for Lightning
Only splashes of your hands
On my face!

Tablet Two

My horse of reed: three fronds
Of the date-palm in home set its stature
Disappeared amid darkness
In
That,
The turtles' Land!

Tablet Three

There! At the apple season
Descends, all of a sudden,
From its nest,
A light! Very strange!

Tablet Four

Giant is, he, Time!
If hand him to the star,
He'll take my strides to ascendancy!

Tablet Five

O, She-Sea..
Dawned out of crevice in water
On the bones of the forsaken shore
In your mouth
The Deluge Grass!

Tablet Six

In the coffin: the cosmos encircled...
Passes very fast, with her green strides,
The red rose of the sun!

Tablet Seven

A bird I am of no features
To me no dust-signs!
An itinerant into Immortality!

139.

The Joy of Tree

By Subhi Niall (Syria)

Sometimes I feel that tender grief is appealing
Like a leaf where the drops of dew land
Although every one agrees it is a detested thing
I consider it appealing...!
A question once I asked myself,
"Is grief appealing...? "
I did not find a satisfying answer ;
Thus I gave up thinking of it,
Letting time and circumstances to answer me.
Once it was destined for me to stand under a tree
For a moment in a cold morning –day,
A drop of dew landed on my neck,
Sneaking joyfully, skating on my spine.
Its big laughter buzzing in my ear ;
I was so pleased to greet it
Although it made a shiver in my flesh...
I raised my head, hoping another drop would land on my face
In spite of the coldness of the breeze in early morning.
I desired another drop to warm up my face...
I considered it a tear not a drop of dew
As tear is warm...!
Baffled, I questioned," Oh tree, did you dry your tears?
The tree started laughing.
With its laughing, it dropped so many drops on me.
I laughed; a tree talked to me, dallying with me:
"Yes, I'm so happy today and because of my excitement I cried
And my tears fell upon you.
You thought they were dews
Actually they are tears of joy:

My joy of delivering my child,
My joy when the woman, my neighbor succeeds,
My joy when émigré returns home,
My joy of finding a prodigal son,
My joy of breaking the chains,
My joy of liberating homes,
My joy of a mother who accomplishes her message,
My joy of a father who retires, and a boy who does well,
And a girl who succeeds,
My joy when freedom is regained and justice applied,
My joy when a nation becomes among the civilized world,
My joy when a farmer works hard in his land and digs it with his axe,
My joy to see people living in peace and united.”
Happiness overwhelmed me,
Thus I kissed the tree bark,
Said good bye to it and left
While there were moans, questions and sighs within me:
Grief is appealing but joy is more appealing...!

140.

Sections of Solo Playing

By Alfred Sam'an (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

1.

The suns'll but come out of their dens
If the trashes of darkness are piled
At the skyline!

2.

I crave for the arrival of evening
Lest
Light
Bring out the blunders of the morning!

3.

The names snatch me towards
Towns
Of ivory
The eyelashes of my dreams vanquish
In the hideouts of Loss
I die every hour
And the hours are quenched in
Wilderness
Of a wearied....past
Pay no homage to memories
The smugglers leave
In the night ...the waves of seas
When none avails to chase
The wicked
Come to the stations of police
Exert no effort
When the face of the tempest
Sinks in the memory of sand
All burdens flock!

4.

No to You!
Take not my fingers
The graves
Because there are in the dishes
Of my thoughts
Tunes that may decease
If remain stricken in
Bed!

5.

The world is eagerly waiting
I utter one sound of a word, if so!
Much for uproars to roister
Everywhere, to go!

6.

The picture
That overlooks
The window of love
Has become a corpse
Now the undertaker is wholeheartedly in love
The grave-digger!
It does not tolerate waiting any more!

141.
Poets

By Majid el-Haider (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

In cold dimmed chambers
Below the ground
We were reading with a muffled voice
The poems of our loved ones – the (who-departed)
We were revising, but with no blood,
One...three...a thousand

..

Some of our poems in the shelter of the cave of memory
And we arrange them
We dream we can bring them one day
To light.
We yawn/we awake
We put them back into boxes of the forefathers, and LOCK them
We then go out to the street very embarrassed
Know not what or how to behave
Wear the masks of humility
Act the roles of Fool
Panicked, may they discover
Poets we be!

142.

The Bullet

By Tariq Harby (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

For a long time
And in the building of our (very HAPPY) people
Dwelt the Bullet
For a long time
In the lift where we see it
Every day and night
Come down in rush at the rear of her children
And to the heart of the hollow world!

143.

The Map of the Soul

By Suhail Najim (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

Inside the soul I named you the Range
On its vastness I stretched the map of the question:
See how can I afford
To hunt for such obsessions aggrandized like
Bogies
Transmogrifying the mounts into knockers
Striking the bells of the sea?
See how can I afford to wake and not to wake
While ---- is a river inundating
My heart's obsessions?
Out of sand, scorpions crept praising as in worship
In the name of the eclipsed promise
There they are
They emptied their poison
Bringing down their luxurious blackness
On me
And with no trace of tardiness
Glisten
As if they were ringdoves
Attempting flying
In a fragmented space.
To the killed light
The banners fastened their wedding parties
While they lifted my death
From a temptation that fluctuates
Between hope and illusion

I am with no hope!
While this light that refracts in gold
On the passers-by
Is the light of my dust!
As it, the palms (of the hand) and mud are one and the same.
Morning, night, minarets and path
Pains and the moon --- the sitter
On two rivers!
As it , me and bullets are one and the same!
One and the same, me and madness!
One and the same, me and the victims' souls

145.

A Plan

By Ahmed Mutter (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

When I die
And the Authorities eulogize me
And Police salute my coffin off
Homage paid to me! Ha, not think so!
No. Blockaded more!
And traced to the last drop!
Not to seem Free
Even in my shrouds!

146.

Oh, Blackness, Guide Me

By Basim Furat (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

Thronged
With the myrtle's occupations
He waves adieu his fingers to those who go
And with them they have the questions of the rose
Thronged with my dreams
Themselves they are occupied in darning their insa nity!
While from my shirt the waves are dangling
And from my palm stars drop,
And forests shun the sun,
The rivers were amidst the blind dust.

Guide me ...
How I draw my lightning on your bed
Guide me...
Guide me, oh Blackness!

147.

Whiteness

By Adnan el-Sayegh (Iraq)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

The censor who lodges in the book
Keeps devouring the words
The lines
The alphabets
The commas
Till he becomes big-bellied of the many pages
Then disappears

Oh, my God
What am I going to do
With all such whiteness?
A veil is the Whiteness.

148.

**As If You Pass By Now:
A Song of Crystal and Balconies**

By Ali el-Rauwaihyy (Oman)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

Only to me I say the wound
And the orphan light
To me your blame when you come
Before the wind
To me the signs of your night on our pillow
And just half a tale
Going to sleep on lips
Before bedtime
To me that revelation of the bed sheets
For mirrors
I wondering how much your craving confined me
Between the clasp of truth and the speech
You, Sun, a sufi of temptation
Stretching his window open
And I am such hankie
Fluttering on this dust neighing in blood
Every time, say, date-palms want craving
Every time, the waves spanned
A lamp on the eyelashes
There splices a mistress her heart and the sea in braid,
Moons
There a caravan with a marble *abaya*
So vast for the dream, too short for my body
Then who takes the half of the tale into the lap
While the clouds too restraining for my body!
Pray, stretch out the vehement night a bit to the grass
No more...
So that the doves set free!

149.

She-Swallow

By Saadiyah Mufrah (Kuwait)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

1.

Her jaunty gait
When under a traffic shade
Signifies to me she is in search for her male fellow
Of the next flight

2.

A tempting look
Then a rapid turn
An amazing look
Then a nebulous turn
Then a very calm look
Then a very palliated turn
Oh, that looks of her to the little cage

3.

She cautiously fluttered
Fluttered and floated
Over the Gulf surface
Her blood out run
Her song deep in the waters flown!

150.

She, A Rain of Thirst

By Ibrahim Mohamad Ibrahim (UAE)

(Translated by Abdul-Settar Al-Assady)

Pearls
Drop by drop
Drizzle in the course of the heart, mine!
And seasons to her lightning stream, all
Yet un-watered the heart in full
Nor her pearls turned arid!
All desert I be
When Narcissus stretches my mud
Oh, how the soul wanting the orange and how commanding!
Is Java but a forest of thorns away, away!
I dying of thorns, you..
A death in your eyes cleansed
Then died!

151.

Take off Your Hat

By Ahmed el-Aktash (Egypt)

Take off your hat and bow
To the wind which shakes your tiny legs
To the train which considers you
As a passing point
And relax yourself
On the illusion pavements
And read your empty newspaper
Or stand at the garden
Upon your bare tree
And read your poetry to people
Show them your high culture
Speak elegant English with them
Do not stand so helplessly
Pretend to be Romeo
Talking to Juliet in the Window Scene
Then stand, Othello, weeping at the death of Desdemona
And bow!
Everyone clap, Shakespeare,
So do not leave
Tell people the charm of Charles Dickens' tales
Then take on your hat
Waving with the stick before them
And imitate Charlie Chaplin!

You will hear them mocking
Ignore and do not stop
That poor cat
Put it in your lap
Close your eyes and smile!
How can you not imitate Borges
Despite the skill of your poor cat?
Never mind
Put a canvas on a tree
Take a pen
Draw a sleeping woman and smile!
Then frown wild-eyedly
Twisting your moustache
"You are Dali," they cry
"O Salvador"
Ignore them
Take your bright cloak
Raise the flags
Walk and do not turn, *Junaid*
Read to people the love poetry of *Hafez Shirazi*
Tell them that you know *Lorca* personally
And that you left him in Andalusia two years ago
Cheering... whistling
Everyone clap in admiration and astonishment!
Do not stand so helplessly
Take off your hat and bow!

152.

Defeats

By Ahmed el-Aktash (Egypt)

1

Kill me.
But before you throw my bones,
Give me the last night kiss!
Then throw me to blind wind
And leave me
So that I may be as honorable as a madman!

2

I was wandering about my universe
With a sword and small dreams
I rode the world and went stiffly
But on my road I suddenly became on the alert
When I saw my dreams dead
And there was plenty of blood on my sword!

3

Although I came into the world
With a wish in my heart—
And my crying as a child
Was a sign for my reciting poetry later,
I always feel that
I am the one who is singing alone!

153.

Verses from the Chapter of the Stone

By Hilal el-Faraa (Palestine)

(Translated by Iman el-Hussaini)

It is the Stone
Ah, how will I convey unto thee what the Stone is ?
A piercing comet
Trailed with a blazing glint
With vengeance maturing out of disruption and fritter
till it became the cure of weariness
It is the stone
It is the Palestinian wrath
Exploding
It leaveth naught.. It spareth naught

It is the Moon
wandering around across the gowns of nights
awakening the path which straggled in the labyrinths of alleys
as it fully shines!
Fusing it as it fully melts in sacrifice
making an orifice in the dawn walls
for songs to be chanted in the evenings of confabs
it is the rain descending from barren clouds
as a string warbles when a stone is put in our slings
aimed at the guards who tailor our lives!
It is the stone!
Created in our palms!
Waiting for the right moment!
When our children become adept

They have grown up
and flown beyond the night limits and waited
They called : O mankind! You washing for the night prayer
dawn has broken, get ready, wake up!
So we said: we are together in it, You get ready and wait for us
So they steadfastly waited for us
while we roamed around ourselves & turned away in the darkness
We went on praying night after night
Till the nights got fed up with us !

And we lost our sights
as slips were repeated before us!
Verily, they have grown up!
They fled the prisons of silence... exploded & rebelled
while we broke down at the walls of dumbness!
They again called us
but we nodded dumb & blind
not even lifting our heads!

It is the Stone
Lo, come up with that wineglass but of dust
For I am so thirsty to what my land commands!
So come up with the wineglass of dust
Sacrifice poetry and poets
For the sake of the soil
Sacrifice their feelings & compositions,
the submissive ones & the dumb ones ,
the old ones & the young ones,
and those who get terrified at their own hums,
And those interred in their silence,
the tall ones & the short ones
the absent ones & the present ones,
and the imposters who deny the dictates of their wills
And when the Caller wonders where everyone's sword & spear is ,
They all get ready andrun off !

It is the Stone
Lo, come on with the wineglass of stones
Mighty are the rocks!
Equal to them is none!
Lo, come up with the wineglass of stones
Serve those who cover themselves with gowns made but of rocks.
Those armies are valiant only when fighting their own folks!
Victorious they are...Only in the pubs!

It is the Stone
its verses are engraved
on our Guarded Tablet ... in many forms!
It is our homeland that resideth into our souls
and stayeth in our hearts
It is the doom!
People have their homelands
There exist their destinies

whereas I yearn for my soil,
tired of traveling in a distance which seems endless
Shattered between misery & distress!

It is the Doom!

For people have their homelands
whose dust is downtrodden by themselves
homelands of stones and trees & they do endure
while I have a homeland
whose dust treads upon my own lips
unwearied and patiently I do kiss it !
Its rocks bleed my palms, I endure & embrace them!
Memories of sad orange in me agitate
like needles that prick my body
though I embrace them and endure my fate
Complaining to nobody!

It is the doom!

Others have their own homelands
whose dust is made of clay and mud
while the dust of my soil
Is made up of the gracious remains
Of the bodies of the prophets who crossed it!
And whoever has a country dust of that sort
Must be patient & persist!

It is the Stone!

Ah, how will I convey unto thee what the Stone is?
An ever moving piercing comet!
That falls then explodes
Leaveth naught; Spareth naught!
Then it will write down
upon the voices of those who recite the Epic of martyrdom
We shall win.... We shall prevail
for all our seeds enrooted in the steadfast lands
shall yell in the name of those who planted
we shall win !
And all the stone minarets shall sing in remembrance:
we shall win ..
And the arms of the children
shall write down as they get smashed
We shall conquer
We shall prevail ... We shall WIN

155.

I Know You're my Murderess

By Hilal el-Faraa (Palestine)

(Translated by Sameer el-Shenawi)

I adore your eyes' madness
Unleashing all my wakefulness
I love when our tears are shed
In the passionate hug of twilight red

From behind the deprivation pyramids
heading for the rescue shore, I've sailed
I am not aware, with my own hands
I have the drowning wave stirred

Since I, with your eyes ,have met
Wandering between us I kept
But no ship of paper or ink
has reached your eyes' brink

With all the hopes , if, ever, I slept
to catch your image in dreams and scent
I would wake up with fever and shudder
Nothing in my hands but burns and shiver
Cuddling my cold sweat
No need, I know you're my murderess
to disguise in this wakefulness

156.

The Gasp of Wind

By Sultan el-Zyadneh (Jordan)

My beloved is
Grasp of wind
Striking the depths...
The ribs of the wounded,
Deliciously,
Receive the hits...

Blow,
Your sweet
Madness
In the bosom of my sails
A good tiding of travel
So we may ignite the sea of the embers
Flame of presence...!

Oh my beloved,
The smile of the virgin star
When the moon allures it...
Embrace Me!
So I may reconcile with my day
My yesterday
And draw the fate
As I desire.

For long time
The vessels of intimacy
Have been residing in rest on
The shores of Cacti
Like the brides of spinsterhood
Awaiting for long time
The vessels of intimacy,
Reciting the verses of desire,
Scorched
With flaming fire...

Oh my harp,
Gather me from
The ruins of *Nahwand* tunes
And the sprinkling of *Byabti*
Thus, compose me,

O my harp,
An Andalusian
Midnight
Dazzling tune...!

I move ahead
And the repeating wisdom is moving within me
- Day in the back of the night -
The poem remains
The lust
The fire..!

157.

ThreeTheir Fourth is My Wave

By Abdel Salam el-Attary (Palestine)

(Translated by Hassan Hegazy)

Kaiss

(To Kaiss who once wrote about six war)

The baby's question declines
And the answers resort to darkness
Asking about war that has begun on his furthest world

Who began war? And these rhinoceros
And the increase of lust that moves that of saliva
And ask: What is the guilt of a boy to write about war?
What is the guilt of emptying a will full of tiredness
And the hungry looks of eyes on the shops, shelves
That drag down to day' thirst

..

And ask: What is the guilt of a boy to write about war?
What is the guilt of emptying a will full of tiredness
And the hungry looks of eyes on the shops, shelves
And the increase of lust that moves that of saliva
And waste the bottles of weeps on the face of childhood
To forget steps to carry us to the end of month
And wait for the sound of the keyboard
That flies ... flies?
When will it write about the bank, pavement
Birds?
Or draw steps to go before me To God, s route and the seasons of
And to ask for what has gone of our hunger
Or draw steps to go before me To God, s route and the seasons of birds?

158.

Fragments from the Book of Malik el -Ashtar

By Abed el-Salam el-Kibasy (Yemen)

7

This existence,
The worlds and the creatures
Are not but, if you contemplate, a shadow of jewel
It is you
Me and all of us and him
This great dedication

11

The coward
Can't sleep
Because of fear
God doesn't grant victory to the slaves

12

We defeated
Everything
Except death..!

13

Everything
Moves towards
The end....

19

Teach us, then, how
To seek god
Not this darkness

21

It's not possible
For love and hate
To meet
In one star...

30

It is the death,
After all
The wish of the weary

34

Do not walk behind me
Like my dog
Nor before me
Like my heart
Just only be my
Good friend

36

Do not resist
This frost
But keep on
With this chant.

55

Do not shed tears
Over the martyrs
Just follow them to the battle ...!

159.

Why the Silence

By Ashrif Majeed el-Halabi (Palestine)

Why does the silence
Beat like this
And that one who departed...?
Isn't her shade still in my heart?
How could she be so professional in leaving in the Farewell Mazes?
And get lost in that...
Why
Every song gets ruptured in her departure,
Suffocating into my heart...

It is she alone
Who revives the buds of her features
Before I enshroud her absence...
Why...!!!

160.

A Girl Washes his Image

By Ali el-Setrawi (Bahrain)

He didn't know me any more
We drifted from a cloud in the stubborn evening
Towards the azure of the eyes that was busy in contemplation
In the shadow
He quarrels with me at the night eve of Eid
Before the completion of algae in the weak body
A girl washes his image in the mirrors' reflection
Telling me about yearning
About fears
About her father who is wrapped in his old apparel
Talks to the night about hunger
And how tales used to melt between his lips
And wander the curvatures of worry
And recite *el-Rahmen Sura*
They used to find
Her tresses on the mat of insomnia
And gather friends near the window of dream
They were the first book of soothsayers who knew the homes of longing
They taught us that
The first steps of the ladder
Start with the beginning of daylight
The last beggars when the storms intensified
And with the first quarrel
It kicks us out of darkness
My mother was
Kneading her breads...
And before the drifting of the last stars
She slumbers
Come back, my son
Your house is made of silver beat
And you are the besieger of waiting
I await you
While dreaming of your return.

161.

Poems Not to be Understood

By Ali Ahmed Hagiz (Yemen)

(Translated by Hassan Hegazy)

And here is it the last cloud
Remove the sky of poem
The sky is but a bubble!
Filled with pain
Noise
A wedding in a narrow room!
Pipe reeds
Breathe muffled pain,

And give out noisy sighs
I extend a needle of an old pen
To see the world burning
Poems not to be understood.

Some pain
Runs beyond the valueless of language
And the repetition of things
Does not like my pain
That I could not crush,
And turns it to
Poems not to be understood.

It is near from my eternal silence
This room that combs her desires
Alone
On a window of exhausted time
Waiting for strong fable morning
To melt in its youthfulness
Looking for the rest of her womanliness
And feel her forgotten self
When she gets torn on his chest
Poems not to be understood.

162.

Cosmopolitan Dream

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

I contemplate the sea...
I behold the horses of dreams
Running over the waves
Like heavenly gleams,
And angelic sparrows carrying the sun
With their silver beaks
Singing in divine joy
The song of love and freedom,
The song of life...

I sail with overwhelming joy,
With my passion,
My dreams,
My poesy,
Looking at the sky
Searching for the face of my one and only...

I travel alone like the sea
No passport
No identity
No borders
No check points
Leaving behind
My home
My language
My sect
My skin color
My worries
My fears
My mother's face
And the sad song....

Hearing the sounds of aircrafts, tanks, guns,
I wake up
Then I know that I was dreaming...!

163.

The Post Man

By Abdel Salam el-Attary (Palestine)

(Translated by Hassan Hegazy)

The Postman disappeared
With his overflowing days
And his dusty, exhausted steps

Disappeared, not knowing what is the destiny of the letters!
Perhaps we are getting old and forget
But what was written there,
That was rolled up on young pain
And the astonishment that is still virgin!
We look to find a sparrow carrying papers, thinking
He is the friend of the absent postman.
To forget some white news
Is still in its blackness ...

Why are you absent postman who
Used to bring all our beloved
To weep really by heart
And weep as they wish.

164.

Longing Mellowed with Memory

By Muhammad Amari (Morocco)

I dip my eyelashes
In the night's kohl
And kiss what it remained from the drawing
On the evergreen leaves of memory
I sprinkle my sorrows
Under a shade of cloud
Wetting them with water of ink
With water of rain
The waist of the poem shakes
Drunk
Like a tremor of trapped one
In the last whimsy
My longing passes by
Mellowed with memory
Repeating the letter N
Ending with the letter T
Let me sip
From the coffee of the absence
Your sweet, luscious perfume
And ask: "O you who is inhabited by love and rifle
What is left from the time?"

4.

By the time of birth
By the time of death
Her body came to me in another dream
It was lying on the desires' shore

5.

How strange was her love
How strange was her love and
Her way walking to the moon:
A word after a word
A wave upon a wave and
A sail that I could not see

6.

I will stay here asleep into
The darkness like a blind man hunting
In his dreams the wings of
Her lost moths
I will cry on the top of the flowery hill:
O you the beloved one
You who are lying under these unseen waters,
Come back
Let us build in the valley those
Ashy mountains so
The dead can dance in
Their hazy shadows
Let us dream again in
These endless nights
Until Death brings us to
It's pur purpuric sky
And we fly.

166.

Palestinian Elegy

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

She rests in the depths of oblivion
Lying under the night's armpit
Encircled with grief and waiting
No one remembers her any more...

She waits the emergence of dawn
From the breast of freedom
And for the sun to come out
From the dragon's guts
On the rebels' swords...

Let us stop and contemplate
Just for one time
Absurdity and madness
And contemplate the earth
While it is undressing
Undressing to the sky...

We become disoriented by shifts
Shifts tearing the form of life
And by desire sharing death with death...!

We wrestle like madmen
Over a rain of cloud
Has not rained yet...!

We used to dream of the river and the sea
Of forests of almond and olive trees
Of gardens of orange and pomegranate
And we got satisfied with a wing of chicken...

We wanted to drink wine
Thus we burnt the vineyards
Quenching our thirst with the tar water...

Nothing remained but an image of homeland
In the form of a chair
And a dream rupturing in adversity...
There, the martyrs those
Who died for our sake
Have been forgotten
We let their tombs sink in ashes....

Thus the shadow became sad
Bewailing between the trees
Flying with the flocks of death.....

Oh sparrows of poetry
Wake up
And come out from the mist of magic
And chirp...!

For lo! Poetry always
Weaves the dreams' threads
Remodeling light and color
Uniting between water and fire
Combining with flute and drums....

“Divine wisdom requires utilizing love for the service of peace”

Munir Mezyed

167.
Circle

By Huda Al-Daghfaq (Saudi Arabia)

The rose with which I shared my fear,
Its colors confused me.
I straightened not.
It is time to perceive it.
It is time to borrow words
To indict a poem for my coherence
I still have not arrived.
My bafflement has absorbed the roses,
Stolen their light and their consistency.
I embark on;
Fear increases, challenging my risk
Whilst no family.
When there is no family, poem grows within you.
In the boundless street, you choose them.
You become accustomed to them.
You are not choosing love,
But you have become accustomed to the solitude when they are not around.
You lose your awareness when they are a cover.
In them there is no living breath;
Without them breathing is not permitted.
They have accustomed you to their death.
A bitter expatriate
Or bitterer family
Where are you heading now?
You grow older
And roses baffle you more and more.
You still complain about your expatriate to the family
You got accustomed.
You still have need.
You will have no end.

168.

For Freedom!

By Hassan Hegazy (Egypt)

My heart is a soldier
Who could not say no!
Who dares to say no?
If he has no food?!
My princess and the rose of my heart
The end of my goals:
Give back some of my clothes
Some of my bread, my salt
When you do this
I will stand against you,
Your lions,
Asking for my stolen part of freedom
Until my bread is finished
And all my salt is vanished
Then I will come back for you
On my knees and give my face to be hit
And give my tongue to be cut
My mind to be washed
My heart to live on
And my blood to be washed away
Begging you to let me live
On those happy days on slavery
Under the shadow of the sword
To forget the color of freedom
And pray for you and bow
Beg you not let me come back
To the first days of hunger
And misery
And let me declare for all that
I have changed the color of my skin
To black and declare at the same time
My true love for freedom!!

169.

Loaded with Lust I Come to You

By Aziz el-Wali (Morocco)

Replete with lust I come to you, O wind...
I hang my doubts and the water of my glass,
Reciting in your attendance my orgies...

The Gum that paints the back of wind has little suspicion ... and absence.
The Iris that is in the mob's hat
Looks like the wrinkles of absences at the dim of sunset...

Here I am, o blue ink,
Hanging the necklace of blueness on the chest of dawns...
I know not that the Blue chair is about to fall...

This faint light looks like me when I am all revelries...

The Water
The Lilies
The Chrysanthemum
The Kindergarten
The sleeplessness
The Burrow
The Butterflies...

As if you were in the depth of the whiteness brooding the ugliness...
Reeling and raining the pasture a smoke..

O fugitive who fled at dawn from the language of dawn..!
O fugitive who inadvertently omitted from memory...!

...

This is I.
Woe unto you, god, from my iris.

O you who resides in the lung of blackness,

It is my eyes that rain black coffee over you.
Tomorrow you will pee in the arteries of Exotic C hantoli.

A witness to the Page of profanity I come to you.
My comfort is fraught with whiteness,
And this night is dishonoring of the Sunset,
And tomorrow is the meeting with Garcia,
And the day after I will pee in the alphabet's quiver and meet with the mirage.
O shore, loosen the buttons of your shirt
For I will come to you shrinking from lust
So that I may dissolve my ink in you,
And keep you a witness to my wound...my ugliness...and the god's virtue.

Oh river
This is me...so place your toast near mine,
And drink your anthem in my glassy basement...!

Tomorrow I will bring to you a teeth brush to wash the back of time from the panic
of Hulagu.

Oh Omission,
This is me...who is Isis while Scheherazade is residing in my balcony
Selling me a blind date with the breasts of water
Thus water me, O thirsty garden, so that I may fixate some details of the meeting.

O thirst let me vomit my gap over the breasts of joy,
And sell my iris to a night,
And let me suck the foam of Satire from Garcia Marquez's mouth,
Let me break the oars of Language and ride the Omission to cross the ocean,
leaning on the characters of langue.

Sorry ... I'm just affluence whose nectar dried out...!

170.

Because You are Fantastic

By Hassan Hegazy (Egypt)

Because you are fantastic
As a dream,
The cheek of roses, as
Like the dew of the morning,
When it lovely spread the parcels of silver
On the face of morning
I love you!
I have made my age
A poem of love
To sing for your eyes
A necklace of
Sincerity for your sake.
Because I love silence
I love you in silence!
Do you know that
You are fantastic
As a dream!

171.

Passage to Exile

By Adnan el-Sayegh (Iraq)

(Translated by Abbas Kadhim)

The moaning of the train kindles the sorrow of the tunnels
Roaring along the rails of everlasting memories
While I am nailed to the window
With one half of my heart
And the other half on the table
Playing poker with a girl whose thighs are exposed
With shock and pain, she asks
Why my fingers are falling apart,
Like the wood of old coffins,
And hasty, as if they are afraid of not being able to grab anything
I tell her about my homeland
And the banners
And *colonization*
And the glory of the Nation
And the sex in public bathrooms
Then she leans, with her wet hair, over my tears,
And does not understand
While, in the other corner
Mozart scatters his tones over the snow-covered valleys
My homeland is sad beyond necessity
And my songs are aggressive, refractory, and shy
I will stretch out on the first sidewalk I reach in Europe
And hold my legs up for the pedestrians
To show them the traces of school bastinados, and the ones from jails
Those that got me here
What I carry in my pocket is not a passport

But a history of oppression
Where, for fifty years, we have been chewing animal diet
And speeches
And hand-made cigarettes
As we stand before the gallows
Watching our own hanging corpses
And applauding the rulers
Out of fear for our families
Whose files fill the basements of secret-service buildings
Where the homeland
Begins with the president's speech
And ends with the president's speech
And in between, there are the president's streets, the president's songs, the
president's museums, the president's gifts, the president's trees, the president's
factories, the president's newspapers, the president's stable, the president's clouds,
the president's boot camps, the president's statues, the president's bakeries, the
president's medals, the president's mistresses, the president's schools, the
president's farms, the president's weather, the president's orders ...
She will stare for a long time
At my rain and spit moistened eyes
Then she will ask: "What country are you from?!"

172.

Addressing the Walls

By Manal Ali Bin Amro (UAE)

I was delving
A place in your heart
To contain the seed of love
And crying so that my reality may grow within you
I stained my nails with the remnants your women
I suffocated by the by the smell of treason
Negligence liquefies me till
Loosing a spirit that
Used to know elation

How could you instill hope
Decorate the trees of feast
And bestow a homeland upon me
And then you leave?

I address the walls
Injuring my wrist with your rusted knife
Colouring life's course
I abhor that moment
When water becomes
The colour of regret

174.

The Night

By Idris Aloush (Morocco)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

Two candles
Borrow an interval of light
It is the night that uncovers
part of the night's loneliness in my hand
Defeats me
A vision of a woman forcibly
migrating with dismissed dreams
But
The exile of night
And a howdah of a bar
only these spurt
The ashes in my eyes
Perhaps I wake up.....!

175.
A Fall

By Idris Aloush (Morocco)

(Translated by Khaloud el-Muttalibi)

There is a veranda
That flirts with the night's lamp
And down below a lonely ant
Crosses the alley
Over there
My dreams were collapsing
Like pieces of ice
Slowly
Slowly
Slowly

176.

The Fingers of Heaven

By Dalia el-Salih (Syria)

The ornamental meadows of lie
Embellish you, my homeland.
I am piled up with stacks of memory.
The fantasies of heaven are queued;
Waiting eternity to horse them around...

I sipped the wine of fear
From the mirror of tranquility.
I thought color would die.
I was astonished to find it
Passing through the window of the fate...

Eternity inscribes its letters over my face.
Shadows bloom in foliage in my sun
So that the range may articulate me.
Days are passing by like my shadow...
My homeland forsook me
When the heavy mist surpassed in my mind.
The fingers of heaven passed over my back.
I will sing in spite of all the meadows of pain.
I will sing,
And get closer to you
So that you may divulge the prophecy of my wound.

177.

Paring Down the Violet

By Layila el-Said (Bahrain)

From the egg of the violet
A bird comes out
Burnt
His grief
Is all sails to go
To color the sun in purple
Folds it with a sail
Of the light's butterflies

Has not been a delight in the violets
In stirring the beginning of my creating?

He wiggles around me
And casts my poetry
A lace
For a temple
Besieging a poet
And gods

I long for the bird of the violet
To smell his aroma in every valley

Thus I find myself wandering
Followed by the Temptation
Extemporizing a color
Out of a playing of my Moon

I am still alive
As the violet
Flatters my clay

178.

Seizures of the Solitude

By Mohammed el-Fakhari (Morocco)

Emigrant,
I walk between the walls of siesta;
Your memory carries me
Whenever the night enshrouds me...

Emigrant,
I stand at the ruins of charisma
And so grief swathes me
As if it were the first time.

Come closer,
O seizures of the solitude,
For I am squeezing
The first seeds from you...!

Grasping my fate,
I chase your sorrow,
My sweet princess,
Everywhere
Everywhere...!

Being prejudiced to my view,

I wander in your eyes.
Thus I can not resist,
But to engrave your name
On every tongue...!

Wait awhile,
O seizures of the solitude,
For I am still spilling
Some cups from you...!

Displeased,
I leave the fountains of harshness.
My thirst for Loneliness
Quenches me...

Eager,
As a pillow, I take the sidewalk of the ecstasy,
And sleep like a baby,
Dreaming of freedom...

Stay away a bit,
O seizures of the solitude,
I have sipped the last drops of you...!!!!

179.
Dates

By Lubna el-Manwzi (Morocco)

The dates which are arranged by a cloud
In the Café's pots,
The piano scatters them.
The Dates which roll us up
To the places of light,
Precisely behind the head,
Where the swing is a word
That throws us up,
What remains from them and us
Names uttered by ghosts.
Outside time.

180.

The Martyr's Wedding

By Mohammed Amari (Morocco)

From the heart of Java,
A tale a bout a woman
Was born
Who adores the rocks,
Embellishing them with
The inability of Arabs Clans.
The oppression of the Clans of the west
Presenting them
To the child of boldness
To the child of martyrdom
His cloud a bat sails through
He carries a Grin
For the crosses of the borders
Riding
The neigh of the night
Drawing
The Martyr's wedding
Fading
Pulsing
Between the Graves...

181.

Diary of the Lost King

By Ahmed Abu Ridan (Jordan)

I with the mate in my caravan
Piece by piece
Putting the provisions to the fireside
Making the supper for my wine-companions' just wake
And as the earth rolls us at night
I attempt gaining back a lost reign
That may devour all mirages off my head
Only then the howling of wolves would have sense
Perhaps, if I get to reality
This space will narrow
And a remote fire though small will set my escape to ablaze
I, as the way ahead is so long,
Confide to my mate-in-concern
As the Pleiades throbs their naps at the night's tip
Like a poem the heart unfolds verse by verse
Hence only my blood is left !
To shed, to shun me all this traveling and Death
I reveal to them the passion of my vengeance,
Thus, my companions doze highly pleased.
The crackling of fire explodes in my chest
Cracking a dream dissected among
Childhood, poetry
Pretty women.
Memories rebel against my livery
As a nap takes me
To the most delightful time of my life
To what passed in the arid years.
I carry the sadness of the poem,

Climbing its lengthened shade,
Opening a window broken by autumn winds,
A would-be route
Where I release a flood of emotions.
I mutter, agitated as a thin cloud
When the wind blows
"Be attentive of that is to come
Riding on the horse of sand and lighting".
So I am all in wonderful passion.
"O. Heap your sins – one over another!
You are remiss for not knowing
That I trudged traveling from north to south
Finding nothing but grief
Similar to Jacob's sorrow,
When they threw Joseph in the well to die".
My Companions weep.
Now the camels are ready to move
On sandy paths,
Observing the rituals of my exile
To quit all people
I vow I alone will avenge
For my father's blood
Though he prevented me
From reciting poems,
And expelled me from the tribe
As the deposed.
But when the swords took him to a stranger
I was baptized in blood and wine,
In sight of gods who abhorred me.
Vowing to gouge all the eyes,
Engraving his image on all the ribs !
Until then who is to dislodge the sword off its sheath
And fill the wound with salt until it is cured?
In the past, I used to thirst
To flee away, be homeless
My nourishment the poem,
My camel, and the buxom virgins clad in the Damascene silk,
The sorrow of the poor.
I am of one mind
Since I was a child so inquisitive,
I would be killed!

182.

Within Me a Desire for Life

By Latifa Qari (Saudi Arabia)

Come and let us rouse the heart of life
Within us a longing
And within us insanity
And within us a defeat
And within us a lust
Come and let us rouse the silence of winter
Sad and depressed is the morning nectar
Extinguished is the face of this morning
It never occurs to it to come
Near the fire
Or its blaze
From the appeal of branches which are mature now
Till evanescence
Till downing
And within me a desire to sip the talk
Thus, say
And then say
The river becomes silence in my body
To the daylight which is embellished with Jasmine
And flows towards the thirsty veins
And towards the papers

It knows that spring is short
And after spring the day all long --
A vastness for wandering around
On a hill of lust, among the many
Oh my darling
I have, like this morning,
Love seasons
For this uneasiness
Within me a desire up roaring to cuddle
Within me a fervor to ascend horizon
But I am among all the deprived
Dream alone
Heavily breathe alone
All alone, suffering from the sleeplessness of the veins
Only then the glorious sunset comes
And out of the sleeplessness
The aurora fire sustains.

184.

Love Poem for Palestine

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

We were wrapped in divine dreams,
Plucking the rose of creation,
Sipping the luscious nectar,
Drinking the toast of love,
Feeling that moment of invisible touch,
Living in fairy tales,
Singing and dancing all day,
Wakened on the voice of madness,
The chaos of the bad time
And the ruins of this era...

The trees stand all alone,
Naked, mournful,
Mewing with thirst and desire,
And the pasture is bored of human's absurdity...
In the sky the stars are still flickering;
And they do not know anything
About the man who forgets them...!

O My love,
My soul weeps
My heart is heavy and cold...
As despair drags you to the edge of doom...
I will slay death,
Murder this madness
That hides in cave of sorrows,
And burn this fate,
Take you away from the isle of hell
To a place where none could see us but God...
I will not surrender to this fate
Nor will I declare it a defeat ...

For Lo! You are the spring and winter of that hell,
The only sleepy light on the sea velvet..

O my love,
You are my pain and joy,
The night when it bestrews its secrets,
The day when the sun weaves the wreaths,
The Sanity and insanity,
You are my wine, cup, and poesy....

Your love has implanted me
Frosts of joy and grief,
Taught me how to draw god's face,
And drawn me a reckless child...

O my love
The sparrows out there still sing
On the branches of lips
Calling your name..
Your perfume still emanates in the spirit's ether,
Intoxicating the heaven of poetry and dreams...
Memories are flock of Swallows, nesting the eyelids

Roses of spirit are withering away,
And sad rain pours down in my heart,
As images of fear chase me,
Invading,
Residing in my mind,
Imprinting
The Image of old woman digging,
Searching
The tombs of nostalgia...
For her lost youth...

Embrace me...!
Leaning on walls of anticipation,
Dreams, shattered,
Color my vision
With colors of pain...
Loneliness devours me
Darkness invades my fantasy...

Embrace me ...!
Take the thorns of bitterness
From my bosom...
Pluck the Sun from your eyes..
Lead me to behold light
Gather the Diaspora of my expatriation
Sprinkle it in your eyes
Then let me sleep in palm of dream
For I have nothing but this warmth
And This tendency toward myth...

“Love is bliss, hate is a curse”

Munir Mezyed

185.

Palestine and the Dream

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

A crazy sadistic moment
Unannounced
A sadistic anger erupted
The lamps of love extinguished
The heart became void
And shrivelled

O, my country
Which is kneaded with blood and fire
What toil that awaits us
What pain
Is there more sorrow after this

Death copulates with our futile thinking
Daily, we give birth to
A thousand new tragedies

The youths of dreams aged before its time
Dawn hid inside a speckled serpent
Bitter malice became our cause

O, my country
Which bird will find a nest
Which butterfly will find a flower
These days are inhabited by chaos
Wrestling before your eyes

Oh, my country
I am your voice
The voice of the tortured and compelled
Ponder upon the tears of the orphaned and the bereaved
The hearts of the hungry and the poor
Look how many cowards and traitors
Held the slogan of your freedom
Arranged the fights amongst brothers
Under the cover of darkness
Escaped and hid

I wonder if *Karbala* had come back
And our dreams became a mirage

O, my country
I lost everything
And I was not able
To lose my memory
And to stop dreaming and singing

Song is everything
It has an immortal spirit and a wing
Every night it sleeps in your cradle

O, my country
Everything comes to an end
Reality disappears
Yet the dream of return remains forever
Circulating amongst the stars
Weaving the threads of freedom
Roaming like a luminous halo
In the darkness, however it intensifies
Talking to the sons through the skies stars
About a country
Still awaiting the return of the birds to their nests

“Love begets love and eliminates evil”

Munir Mezyed

186.

Journey to the Unseen

By Munir Mezyed (Romania)

I dedicate this poem to the great poets:

El-Maari, Dante, Milton, Pushkin, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Eminescu, Tagore, who made the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak, by opening the gate of poetry garden where we can pluck the roses of eternity. I hope this poem will be a blessing for those who preach love and peace, a curse for those who beat the war drums.

Avid for the unseen
I contemplate.
Falling in the entrance,
My soul feels utter ecstasy,
Entering the gates of heaven...
Wrapped in celestial lace
Embellished with stars,
Followed by a choir of angels singing,
Leading me to the mighty throne...
Mesmerized,
I prostrate...
Feeling tranquility in my spirit,
I hear a voice coming out of the corona
Saying:
"I bless thee.
Upon thee I bestow my mercy,
Exalting thee,
Placing thee in the heights,
Choosing thee
Among my beloved ones...!
But, before entering the eternal garden,
Joining the others...
Let thee pass through all the gates,
And behold my reward, my penalty,
My blessing, my wrath!"
Thus my journey begins...

Walking
Over a bridge of mist
Colored with the colors of a rainbow,
I hear wailing and screaming.
Looking down,
I see men and women swimming
In a sea of lava,
Eating magma,
Drinking tar...
Traumatized, I stand still,
Wishing I had wings...
Afraid of falling down,
I pray...
The mist mounts, howls,
Encircling me...
I struggle, but in vain...
I surrender.
Drowning in a vortex of clouds,
Falling loosely into the deep,
I find myself in a massive cave
Enshrouded,
Walled with fire and smoke.
Upon the walls,
Naked men and women are nailed.
I run, filled with terror and fear,
Running in a labyrinth of crematory
With their wails deafening my ears...
A woman in the form of a peahen
Appears...
I start to follow, chasing her.
As fast as she can run,
I run faster after her....
When I am about to take hold of her,
The feathers scatter around,
Illuminating...
Grasping the feathers,
I find myself
On an ivory colored peak
With a hand full of feathers...
Looking for the woman,
I behold her, as snowflakes
Vanishing...
I look down...

The sky is a crimson carpet
Spread over the sea...
The sun and stars are balls of fire,
Burning away.
The moon is a hearth of dust and ashes
Scattered...
I spy an isle...
Sighing,
Say, "My adoring mother...!"
Smell its fragrance emanating,
Feel its breeze blowing,
I close my eyes, take a deep breath...
A cry comes from my spirit,
"This is Eden, thy promised garden."
My heart leaps for joy...
Suddenly,
I see people on that isle
Sprinkling sands on their heads,
Ravens hovering over them.
Then I see Christ on his awful cross
Bleeding,
Muhammad fleeing Mecca to Medina
For his safety,
Buddha traveling as a stranger,
Hungry and weary,
Socrates forced to gulp the poison,
Che Guevara wanted,
Chased and hunted...
Lorca being cut into pieces
Artists trading their paintings
For bread,
Poets reciting poetry for the deaf...
I weep, and say,
"This must be a nightmare."
But the cry comes back again,
"Rejoice,
Open thy hand,
Let the feathers scatter...!"
As I bestrew them,
A giant bird appears before me...
I leap onto its back,
Riding it...
As we land,

The bird becomes a woman.
Everything returns to its visible form,
The sky
Sea
Sun and the stars...
The isle is in utter intoxication,
Pregnant with delight...
Her soil sprinkled with dew
Constantly,
Having intercourse with water.
The sky suckles, clothes her.
The sun dazzles her with its golden hair.
The moon inspires her to dream,
To weave tales and myths...
The sea, a dancing hall,
Enlivens the stars to dance...
Where Mermaids play on their water harps
And nightingales sing.
I pluck a rose,
Kneeling before her, propose...
Jumping up and down,
Screaming with joy, I dance.
We build a hut to live in,
A temple in which to pray for God's blessings,
A boat for fishing...
Living in perfect harmony,
Plucking roses,
Watering, harvesting the fields,
We sing and dance...
No fear, no tears, no nightmares...!
The devil, becoming jealous,
Cautiously,
Incites the skunks,
Serpents,
Wolves
To bang the drums of hate...
I see light
In the form of a man
Packing his luggage
Ready to leave.
But, before leaving,
Darkness comes in and slays him.
Thus the gates of Hades open,

The devil and all his servants come out.
Riding on dragons, armed,
Arrayed with wild beasts,
Monsters,
Led by the devil,
Hydra and trolls,
They spew out their poisons,
And their fires, fueled by hate,
Leaving behind ruins upon ruins.
They burn the sea, the sky...
Slay life, polluting the spirits,
Kidnapping the sun,
Raping the moon...!
I wake up with smoke and ashes,
Crying: "Paradise is lost...!"
While the face of the devil,
With skunks, serpents,
Wolves, trolls
Still haunt me!
Yet, I praise Allah for showing me the peril of hell
Which they will all inherit!

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